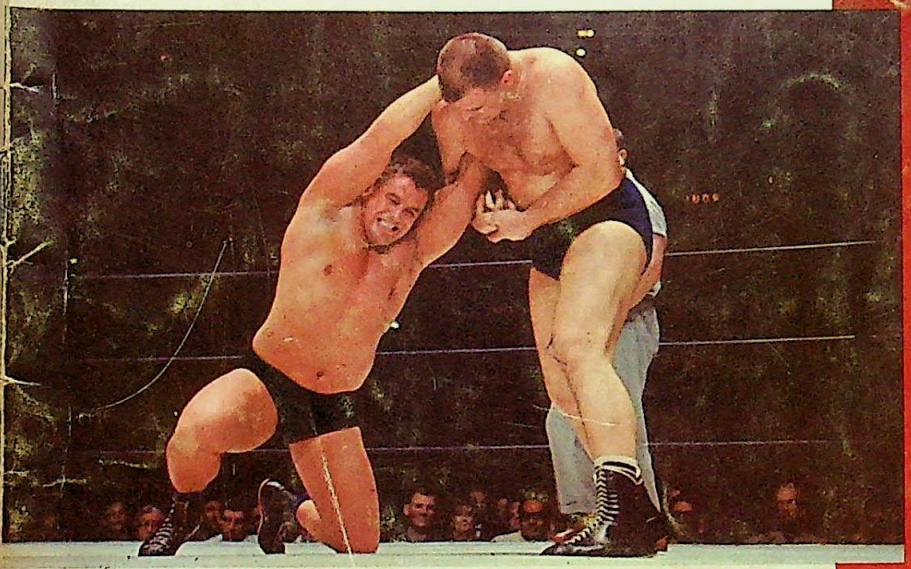
THE MAGAZINE FOR WRESTLING FANS

Wrestling REVUE

SUMMER 1960 50c

THRILLING INSIDE STORIES *Plus*
17 EXCLUSIVE PHOTOS IN FULL COLOR



EDOUARD CARPENTIER ARMLOCKED BY ART MAHALIK

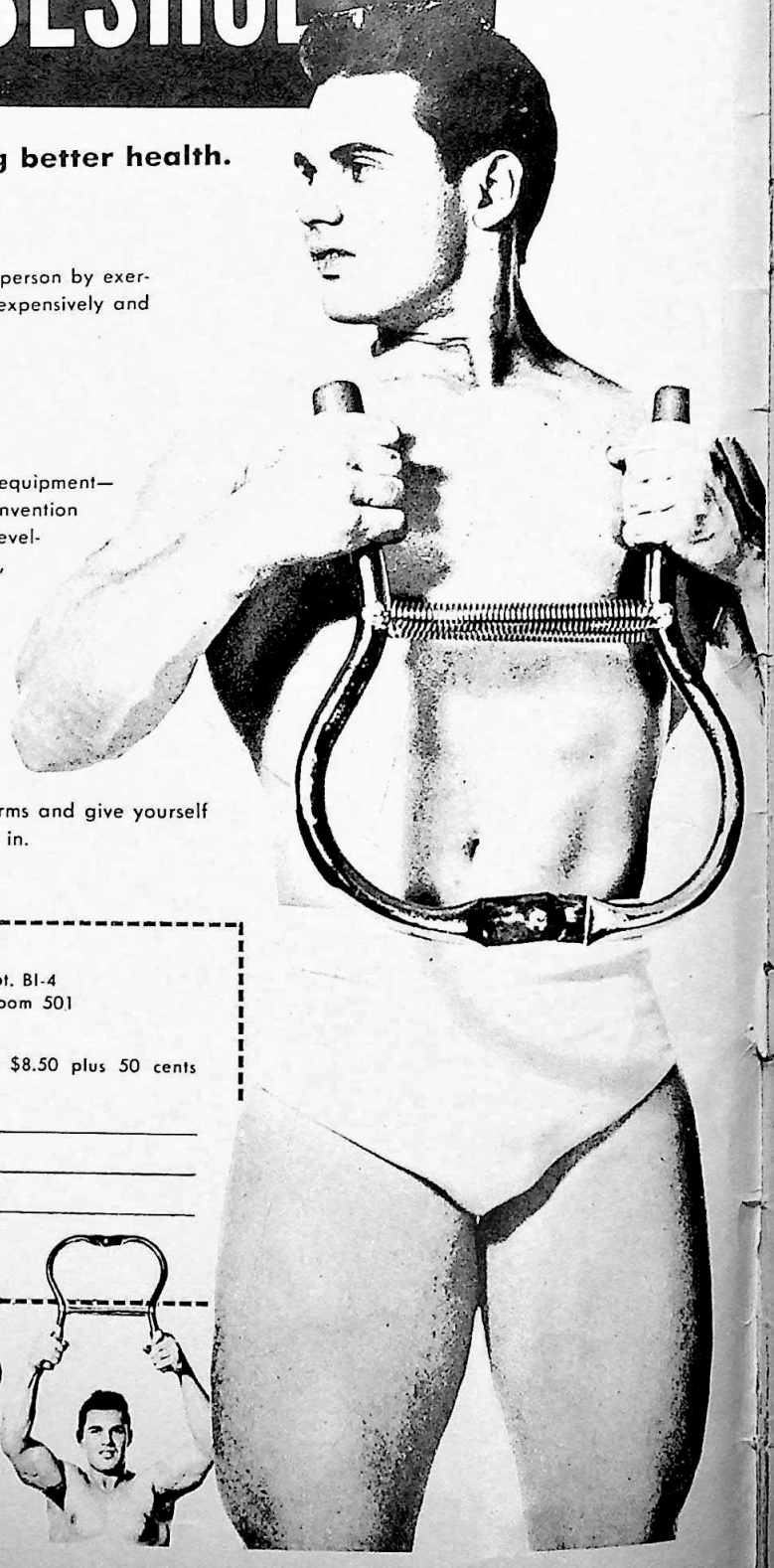
BIG JOHNNY VALENTINE
He's Out For Murder

GORGEOUS GEORGE

FULL COLOR SPREAD OF THE MAN WHO REVOLUTIONIZED WRESTLING

P-U-L-L

YOUR WAY TO NEW HEALTH
...with the revolutionary
HEALTH HORSESHOE



Here are some FACTS about achieving better health.

- You don't need expensive equipment or heavy weights.
- You need not join a health club or gymnasium.
- You *can* increase your muscular power and feel like a new person by exercising your body right in the privacy of your own home—inexpensively and FAST.

HOW TO DO IT

With this completely new conception in Physical Culture equipment—THE HEALTH HORSESHOE. Here is Power in a Capsule, an invention that, pound for pound, dollar for dollar, is the finest body developer ever devised. Use it according to instructions, faithfully, a few minutes EVERY day, and prove to yourself how much better you can feel.

The new HEALTH HORSESHOE is so compact you can carry it with you anywhere . . . in a briefcase to work so that you can exercise during lunchtime . . . So *rugged* it will last a lifetime . . . So *inexpensive* anyone can own it.

Exercise the neglected "pulling muscles" of your back and arms and give yourself a trim, vital upper body together with new HEALTH to glory in.

ORDER NOW ONLY $8.50

Better Health Institute, Dept. BI-4
31 Union Square, West—Room 501
New York 3, New York

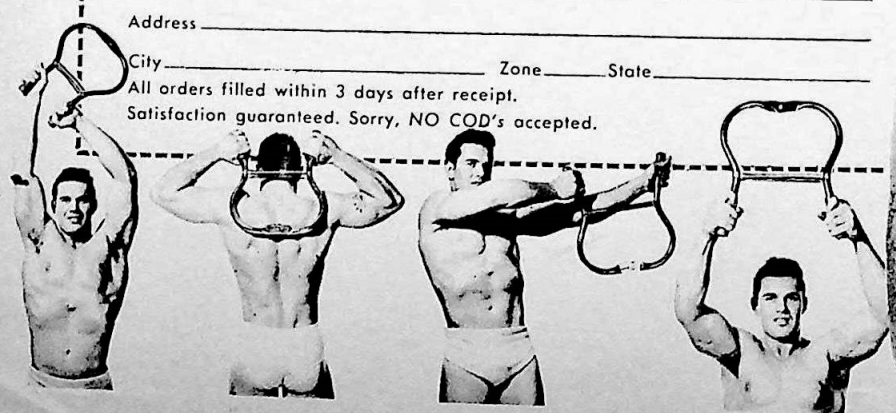
Please rush me your new HEALTH HORSESHOE. I enclose $8.50 plus 50 cents shipping charges. A total of $9.00.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

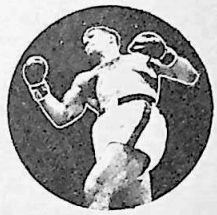
All orders filled within 3 days after receipt.
Satisfaction guaranteed. Sorry, NO COD's accepted.



SUBSCRIBE NOW AND DON'T MISS A SINGLE COPY—

BOXING ILLUSTRATED Wrestling News—gets RIGHT TO THE HEART OF THE MATTER!

That's right—BOXING ILLUSTRATED doesn't mince words—when we have something to say we say it!



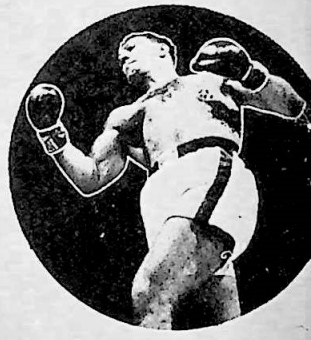
BOXING ILLUSTRATED Wrestling News—gets RIGHT TO THE HEART OF THE MATTER!

That's why it's the most popular and widely read magazine of its kind in the world. Yes, ONLY in B. I. will you find the exclusive, sensational photographs you've been raving about.

Because the best brains in boxing and wrestling are responsible for putting it together each month. You get top-notch articles and pictures of your favorite ring stars—inside stories unavailable elsewhere—behind-the-scenes scoops that will shock and thrill you—and ONLY in B. I. will you fiind the *offlcial* monthly wrestling ratings!

BOXING ILLUSTRATED Wrestling News—gets RIGHT TO THE HEART OF THE MATTER!

That's why such great stars as Dr. Jerry Graham say, "Reading about my fellow wrestlers in BOXING ILLUSTRATED is almost as much fun as throwing them out of the ring." And why Mark Lewin agrees, "The inside stories on my opponents tell me a lot about their character—gives me valuable hints I can use in the ring!" And listen to Ricki Starr: "*I* don't need any help in the ring—I just read your magazine for the wonderful entertainment I get out of it." Or Don Leo Jonathan: "I'm a big guy, so like the cigarette ad says, I like my pleasure big—and B. I. is the biggest pleasure in its field!"

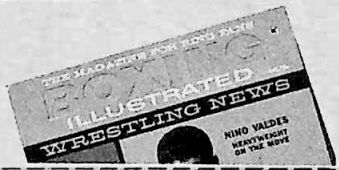


BOXING ILLUSTRATED Wrestling News—gets RIGHT TO THE HEART OF THE MATTER!

SO KEEP ALL OF THIS COMING YOUR WAY EVERY MONTH BY SUBSCRIBING NOW FOR A FULL YEAR

(You'll also save 70 cents over the news stand price, and get the convenience of mail box delivery!)

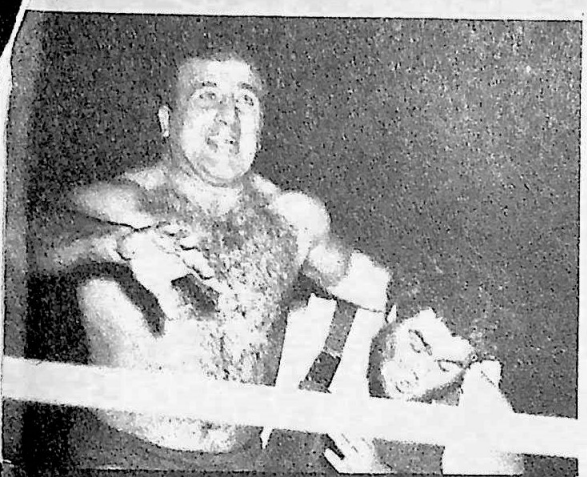
If you forward your subscription NOW we will send you FREE the first big, beautiful issue of the new all-wrestling magazine "WRESTLING REVUE."

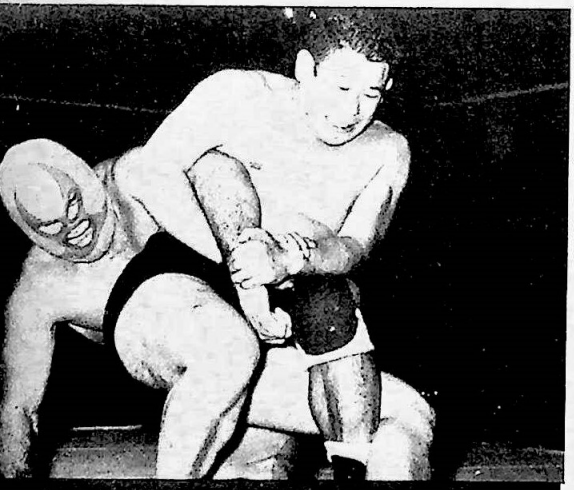


BOXING ILLUSTRATED — WRESTLING NEWS W-3
P. O. Box 384, Rockville Centre, L. I., New York

Sirs:
Send me the next TWELVE issues for only $3.50, saving me seventy cents over the newsstand price. I enclose payment in full.
$3.50 U. S. and Canada; $5.00 foreign

Your Name .....
Address .....
City ..... Zone ..... State .....





VOL. I, NO. 3 SUMMER, 1960

THE MAGAZINE FOR WRESTLING FANS

Wrestling REVUE

Contents

6 READERS STRIKE BACK *(Letters)*

8 WORLD'S TOP SPECTATOR SPORT

12 THE GREAT GAMA *By Allen Ressler*

16 OFFICIAL WORLD WRESTLING RATINGS
Male — Female — Tag Team

17 RUMORS VS. FACTS
Wrestling Revue sets the record straight

20 VALENTINE IS OUT FOR MURDER!
By Stanley Weston

24 TAMPA TANTRUMS
Violent Feud between Girl Wrestlers

30 IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THE BASTINES?
By Gene Ace

34 EXTRAVAGANZA IN WASHINGTON
Sensational Color Pictures

36 WHY THEY STARTED LATE IN MONTREAL
Promoter Eddie Quinn Blames Wrestling Revue

37 THE GORGEOUS ONE IN COLOR
Gorgeous George Still A Master Showman

41 YOUR PERSONAL AUTOGRAPH ALBUM

42 Dick "The Bruiser" Afflis
43 Ilio Di Paolo
44 Don Eagle
45 Pepper Gomez
46 Roger Mackay
47 Gene Dubuque
48 Johnny Barend
49 The Kangaroos

50 PEAK ACTION PHOTOS
A collection of prize winning pictures

56 THE FINE ART OF JUDO
By Lieutenant Vincent Casale

62 THE MIGHTY ZUMA *Pint-Sized Rocca*

65 A SECTION OF PROFILES

65 Jack Witzig
66 Sonny Myers
67 Duke Keomaka
68 Don Leo Jonathan
69 Cowboy Carlson
70 Enrique Torres

STANLEY WESTON, Editor & Publisher

HAL HENNESEY, Editorial Director ROBERT J. THORNTON, Managing Editor

Assistant Editors: MICHAEL A. GLICK, ALLEN RESSLER, MEL BEERS, HENRY KRAWEIC, TOBY PATRICK

Art Director: ALFRED GUTZMER Advertising Director: MICHAEL TOBIAS

ABE GLICK, President JACOB ROSENBLUTH, Vice-President

WRESTLING REVUE, published quarterly by Champion Sports Publishing Corp., P.O. Box 384, Rockville Centre, L. I., New York. Address all subscriptions, changes of address and matters pertaining thereto to: Wrestling Revue, P.O. Box 384, Rockville Centre, L. I., New York. Address all editorial and advertising matter to Champion Sports Publishing Corp., 545 Fifth Ave., Suite 609, New York 17, New York. Reprinting in whole or in part forbidden except by written permission of the Publishers. Unacceptable contributions will be returned if accompanied by sufficient first class postage. We cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $2.00 per year in U.S. $2.50 in Canada; $3.00 in all other countries. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order payable in U.S. funds.

Second-class postage paid at Rockville Centre, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices.

Copyright by Champion Sports Publishing Corp., 1960.

You'll Be Wise To SUBSCRIBE TO BOTH

Because BY TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THIS

Special Combination Offer

YOU SAVE $1.20

over the newsstand price and enjoy the convenience of mail box delivery.

Because

You are certain to receive every issue in advance of the national release date. And you will never miss an issue. So great is the demand for both these thrill-packed magazines that news dealers are completely sold out within a few days. A COMBINATION SUBSCRIPTION guarantees that you will receive every issue.

Because

Both BOXING ILLUSTRATED and WRESTLING REVUE are read by more people every month than ALL their competitors combined!

Because

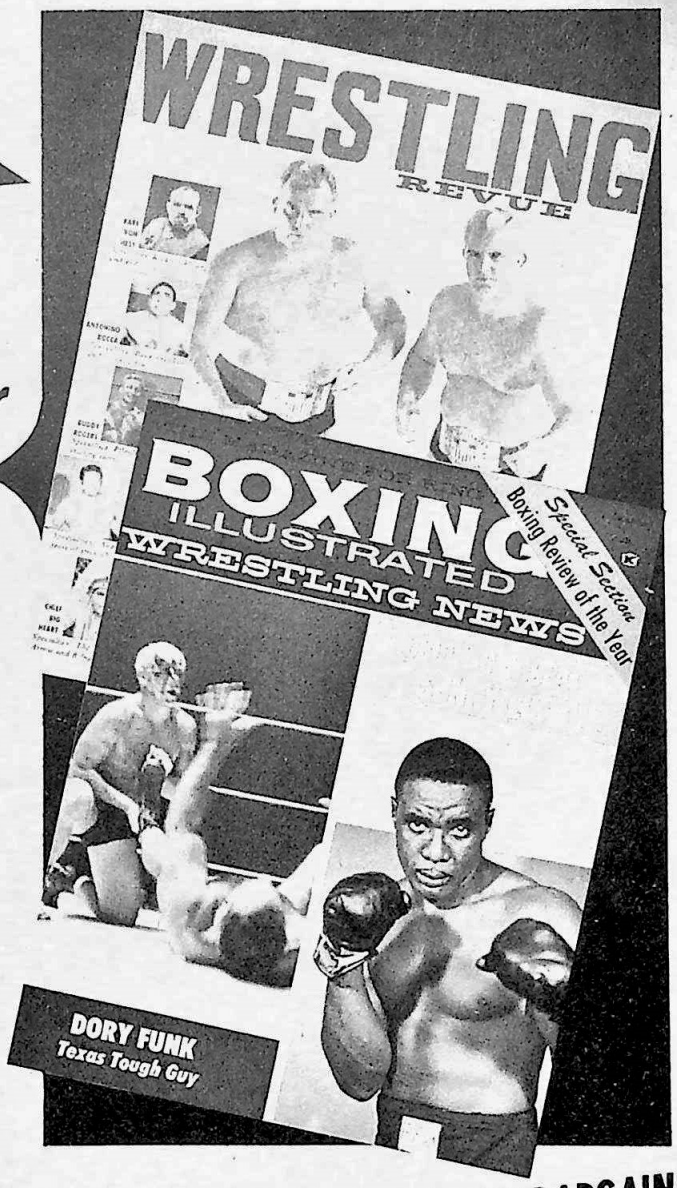
The professionals themselves — boxers, wrestlers, managers and promoters — are faithful readers. And like all smart fans, they prize and save every issue, making certain that they have a complete, up-to-the-minute history of both boxing and wrestling at their finger tips.

Because

By filling out the coupon on this page and sending it to us with only $5, you will receive not only SIXTEEN exciting magazines, but also, as a FREE gift, a packet of six glossy photos of your favorite wrestling stars. They alone are worth the full price. This offer is limited, so act NOW!

Because

Besides complete up-to-the-minute coverage, BOXING ILLUSTRATED and WRESTLING REVUE take you back into history for intimate glimpses of immortals of the past. Experience the same enjoyment hundreds of thousands of others have as they watched John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, Stanley Ketchel, Frank Gotch, Joe Stecher and hundreds of others come to life in both words and never-before-published photographs. Use this handy order blank.



Take Advantage of the BIGGEST BARGAIN of the Year by Ordering Your Combination Subscription TODAY

CHAMPION SPORTS PUBLISHING CORP. W-3
BOX 384
ROCKVILLE CENTRE, L. I., NEW YORK

Please enter my subscription as checked. I enclose $_____ as payment in full.

- ☐ 1 year subscription to Boxing Illustrated—$3.50
- ☐ 1 year subscription to Wrestling Revue—$2.00
- ☐ 1 year SPECIAL COMBINATION subscription to BOTH BOXING ILLUSTRATED-WRESTLING NEWS AND WRESTLING REVUE..... $5.00

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

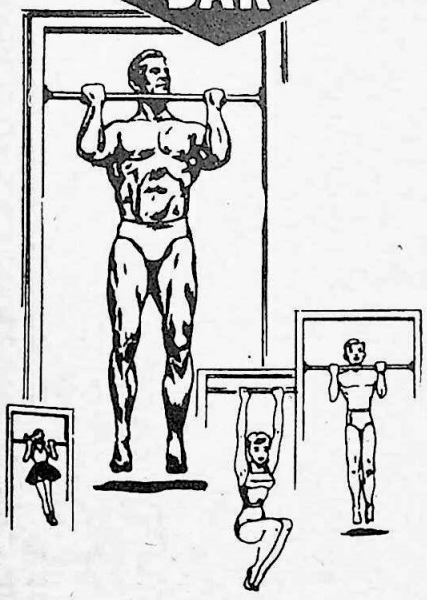
CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

▶ (I will receive FREE a packet of 6 glossy wrestling photos with either the Combination or Wrestling Revue subscription.)

OFFER GOOD IN U.S. AND CANADA ONLY

The Amazing

TELESCOPE CHINNING BAR



Weighs only TWO pounds yet easily supports over 200 pounds.

No Bolts or screws to fool with. All you do is SLIP IT BETWEEN ANY DOORWAY —AND TWIST IT TIGHT— FOR BETTER HEALTH

ADJUSTABLE to fit any doorway anywhere, this remarkable device is science's contribution to a favorite old exercise. Physical culture experts agree that no single exercise surpasses CHINNING as an all-around body builder. Now THE ENTIRE FAMILY can reap the benefits of this time-proven exercise right at home—on the SAME BAR—and enjoy themselves while doing it. Notice how you breathe more easily—how much stronger your arms will feel—how your whole body will take on new BOUNCE.

The new T-E-L-E-S-C-O-P-E Chinning Bar is made of sparkling, durable chrome. It's safe, so easy to install.

ONLY $7.95 So Order NOW!

Better Health Institute, Dept. WN-9
31 Union Square West—Room 501
New York 3, New York

Please rush me your new T-E-L-E-S-C-O-P-E Chinning Bar. I enclose $7.95 plus 30 cents shipping charges. A total of $8.25.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone .... State .....

All orders filled within 3 days after receipt. Satisfaction guaranteed. Sorry, NO COD orders accepted.

READERS STRIKE

AMAZED

Sirs:

I was amazed to see the photographs published in your Winter/60 issue showing wrestling matches between men and women. It seems incredible that such exhibitions are allowed in a civilized country like the United States.

GEORGE FAWCETT

Salt Lake City, Utah

MIXED MATCH
Anthing goes in Texas.

BRAVO!

Sirs:

I was fascinated by the pictures of mixed (men and women) wrestling matches published in your Winter/60 issue. That is the kind of thing most people *really* want to see however reluctant they are to admit it. The great state of Texas deserves a pat-on-the-back for permitting mixed matches.

MARTIN LEEDS

New Orleans, La.

NOT OFTEN ENOUGH

Sirs:

The only trouble with WRESTLING REVUE is that it is not published often enough. Having to wait a full three months between issues is just as bad as waiting for next week's paycheck. Why not give we fans a real break and publish a new issue every month. I'll be the first to send you my check for a five year subscription.

CARLOS SANCHEZ

San Juan, Puerto Rico

FORGET THE OLD TIMERS

Sirs:

WRESTLING REVUE is without a doubt the finest magazine of its type ever published. The stories are so well written that after reading any one of them you actually feel that you know the subject. And the photographs are truly magnificent. My only complaint is that you waste too much valuable space on old timers like Frank Gotch (six pages, Winter/60 issue). Who cares about wrestlers, great as they once were, who have been dead and buried so many years? Stick to the modern boys, the ones your readers know and see today.

MAX GERHARDTS

LaCrosse, Wisc.

RESULTS

Sirs:

A suggested feature that would greatly increase the interest in your brilliantly-done WRESTLING REVUE would be a complete listing of matches throughout the country showing date, place and winner. Try it and see if I'm not right.

JACK GOLDBERG

Los Angeles, Calif.

SORRY FOR SKULL

Sirs:

Ever since I can remember I have been booing Skull Murphy and once, I confess, I even threw an over-ripe tomato at him (I missed). But after reading the story of his life in your Winter/60 issue, I felt ashamed of myself. Murphy went through a great deal of suffering as a boy and only now can I understand why he acts the way he does in the ring. I want to apologize for every boo I directed at him, and I'm very glad I missed with that tomato.

MARY GORDON

Floral Park, N. Y.

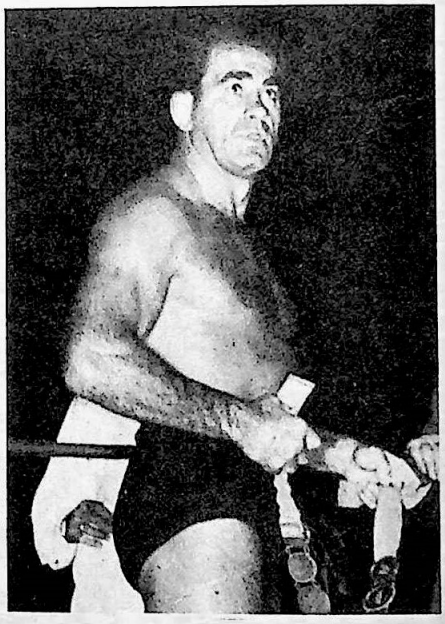
TOO LONG

Sirs:

WRESTLING REVUE is terrific I never miss an issue. However, I think most of your stories are much too long. Why devote four full pages out of seventy-five to any one wrestler when there are so many worthy boys deserving of mention? I thought your section titled "Profiles" was excellent and should be expanded.

FRED MCINTYRE

Fargo, N. Dak.



THESZ

ABOUT LOU THESZ

Sirs:

I agree wholeheartedly with Ed "Strangler" Lewis when he says Lou Thesz is the greatest wrestler to come along in the last 15 years. I have seen them all and Thesz, without question, is the only active wrestler who can possibly be mentioned in the same breath with names like Londos, Stecher and Lewis himself.

By the way, I would enjoy reading stories about great old timers as mentioned above and others such as Gama, Zybszko, Caddock and Shikat. It is too bad that modern mat fans haven't had the opportunity to learn something about the true titans of wrestling. WRESTLING REVUE would certainly be performing a great service by correcting this situation.

JOHN COYNE

Denver, Colo.

BACK

THAT POLECAT!

Sirs:

I, like all decent Texans, hate that polecat Dory Funk, but I have to admit that he's really tough as nails. He can wrestle, too, although his style is more suited to the Stone Age than today's wrestling mats. I still haven't made up my mind whether we should run him clear out of the state, or build a statue of him and place it right next to the statue of Sam Houston.

GEORGE MOTT

Houston, Texas

FAN CLUBS

Sirs:

Why does WRESTLING REVUE, the only publication in the world influential enough to sway public opinion, continue to avoid swinging its support to *one* man as the official Heavyweight Champion of the World? In my opinion, having one nationally recognized champion would give the sport a tremendous boost.

STANLEY KANE

Bangor, Maine

• It is up to the promoters to hold a worldwide tournament from which one champion will emerge. WRESTLING REVUE will not take it upon itself to single out any one man as champion—ED.

CURRY & FAN
A disgraceful exhibition!

WILD BULL

Sirs:

On page 56 of the Winter/60 issue you show a photograph of Bull Curry yanking the leg of a female spectator. In all my years of watching wrestling matches this is the first instance I can recall of a wrestler laying his hand on a spectator. I was under the impression that if any wrestler touched a fan, no matter how slightly, he was subject to immediate arrest and prosecution. I wonder what, if any, punishment was slapped on Curry for committing this outrageous act.

SHIRLEY HARTMAN

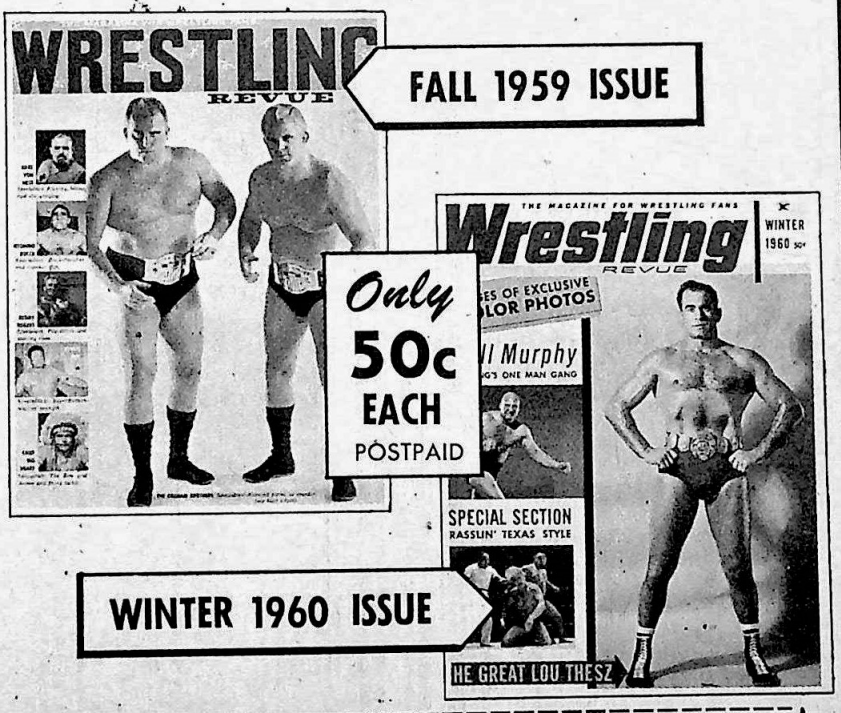
Minneapolis, Minn.

• No charges were brought against Curry —ED.

BACK ISSUES OF WRESTLING REVUE

Now Available!

For those who missed the first two issues of this magazine we have a limited number of both the FALL/1959 and the WINTER/1960 issues available at fifty cents each, postpaid. To get your back copies of WRESTLING REVUE use the handy order form below. Payment in full MUST accompany your order. Since we cannot be responsible for cash sent through the mails, we urge that you make payment with a money order.



Please send me the back issue(s) checked below. Find enclosed fifty cents for each issue.

☐ FALL 1959 ISSUE — Wrestling Revue

☐ WINTER 1960 ISSUE — Wrestling Revue

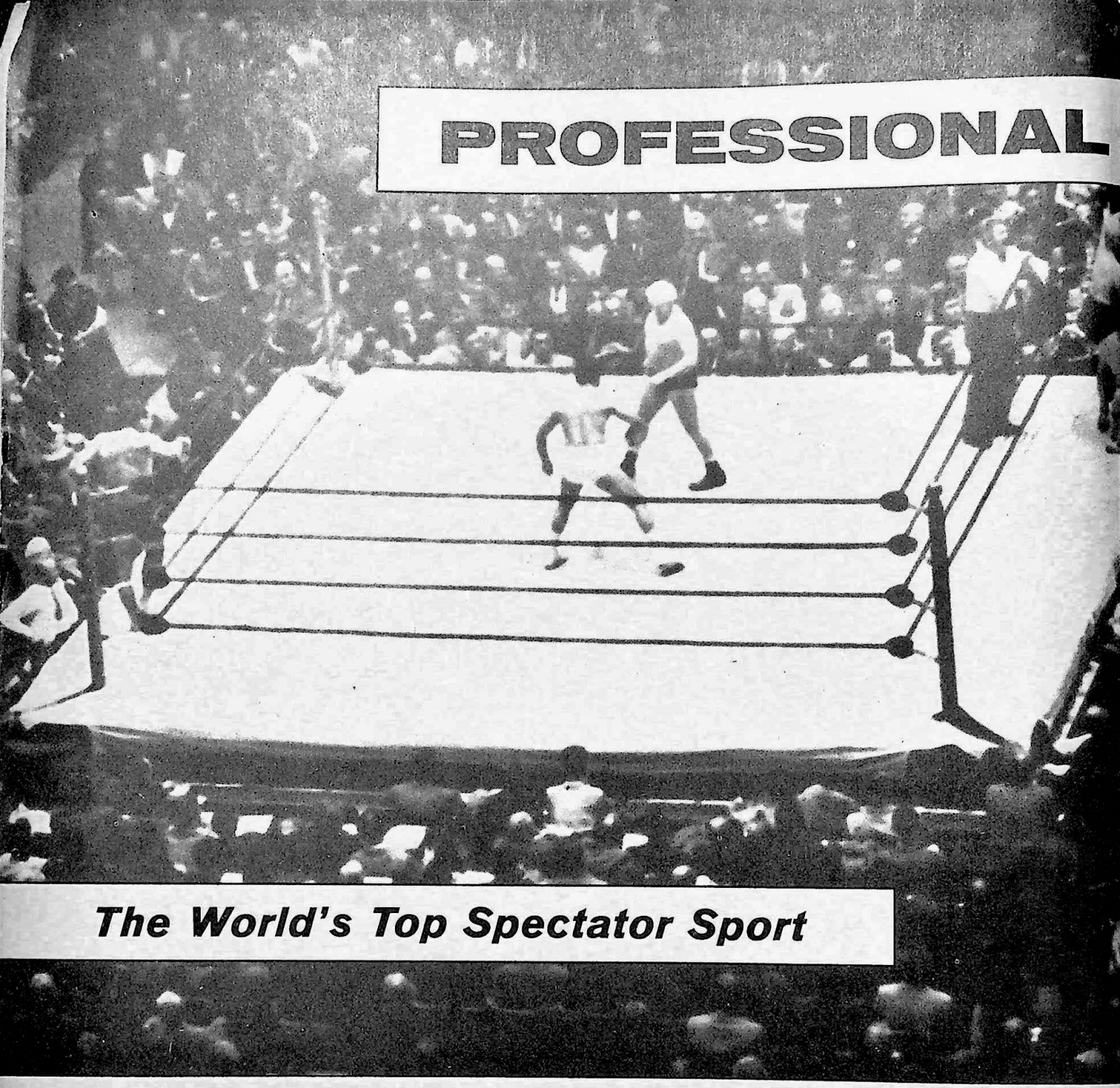
Send to: WRESTLING REVUE, Back Issue Dept.,
Box 384
Rockville Centre, L. I., New York

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

Offer good in U.S. & Possessions and Canada



PROFESSIONAL

The World's Top Spectator Sport

HEARST SPORTS COLUMNIST Murray Robinson doesn't get paid for writing humor. Yet a very funny article appeared recently under his byline in the New York Journal-American. It was an article writer Robinson meant to be anything but funny—it seemed, in fact, a hymn of hate.

Said Robinson: *". . . The wrestlers have jammed the Garden because the shows, in the main, have bluntly appealed to Latin-Americans. No thought has been given to danger of riots fanned by crude partisanships. . . . Now, I understand there is to be a trend away from Puerto Rican heroes. The Jan.* 2 (1960) *show featured one Bruno Sammartino, a* 240-*pound paisan from Abruzzi (Italy). Maybe it's a* 58-*inch stomach. His papa owns a macaroni factory—what else? So here goes another racial buildup in the shoddiest of all sports. . . ."*

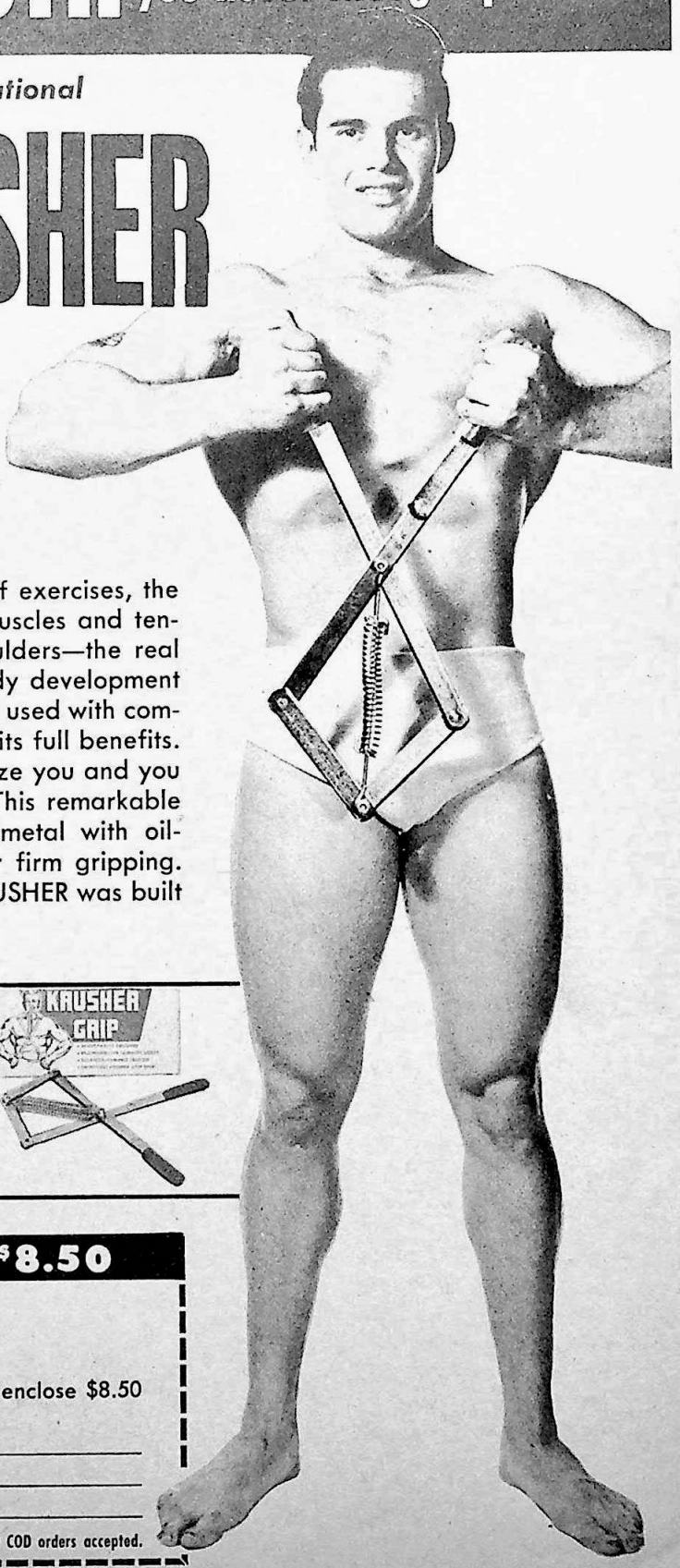
This is the type raving drawn from wrestling's press critics—from reporters trying to sound sophisticated and aloof by spoofing not only the wrestlers, but the millions of people who find in professional wrestling a certain enjoyment unavailable to them anywhere else. Mr. Robinson's column is just one of a long line. Let's look at it in further detail.

To begin with, it contains what

Want a new kind of STRENGTH?
The kind of STRENGTH you never thought possible?

Then exercise with the sensational

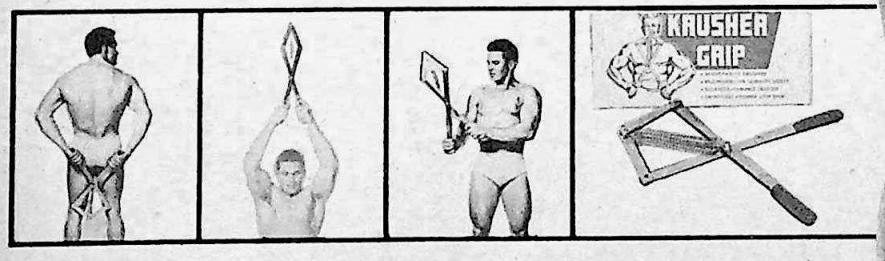
GIANT KRUSHER



- *Scientifically Designed*
- *A real Challenge to your MANLINESS*

HOW IT WORKS

Unlike weights, cables and other forms of exercises, the great new GIANT KRUSHER works the muscles and tendons hidden deep in the chest and shoulders—the real POWER muscles so vital to complete body development and STRENGTH. But the KRUSHER must be used with complete regularity in order for you to enjoy its full benefits. If you use it faithfully the results will amaze you and you will use it for years and years to come. This remarkable piece of equipment is made of heavy metal with oil-tempered springs and wood handles for firm gripping. You will agree with us that the GIANT KRUSHER was built to last A LIFETIME.



ORDER NOW ONLY $8.50

Better Health Institute, Dept. B-5
31 Union Square West—Room 501,
New York 3, New York

Please rush me your amazing GIANT KRUSHER. I enclose $8.50 plus 50 cents shipping charges. A total of $9.00.

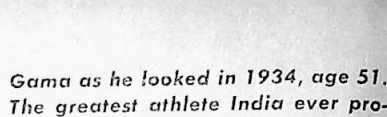
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

All orders filled within 3 days after receipt. Sorry, NO COD orders accepted.

By ALLEN RESSLER



Gama as he looked in 1934, age 51. The greatest athlete India ever produced, his remarkable wrestling feats are still talked about by his hero-worshipping countrymen.

THE GREAT GAMA

So great was this remarkable Hindu wrestler that he never lost a single match in his entire life!

AT LAHORE, INDIA in January, 1928, one of the most talked of wrestling matches of all time took place. It lasted exactly ten seconds!

At that time, wrestling's great names were Strangler Lewis, Jim Londos, Joe Stecher and the ponderous Pole, Stanislaus Zbyszko. Include the name Gama Palewhan and you'll probably get a tart "Who the hell is he?"

He was, beyond a doubt, one of wrestling's true immortals. He is also the only *genuine* wrestler who never lost a match in his entire life! He was feared and carefully avoided by all the great stars of the era—with one lone exception, Stanislaus Zbyszko. And what happened when Stanislaus took on the Great Gama proved to be an historic event.

But first, the experiences of a few other Western world wrestlers should be told. Take, for instance, America's famed Dr. B. F. Roller, a brilliant star known for his cunning, strength and courage. One day, shortly before the outbreak of World War I, Roller was in England when he was invited to wrestle against an *unknown* Hindu. The classically-built Indian was the leader of a group of Oriental wrestlers then touring England to promote good will and a few dollars on the side. Thus far, they had had little success at either.

Good sport Roller agreed to go along with the spirit of the thing. He sized up the massive Hindu and confidently figured that he would have little trouble sneaking in behind the clumsy-looking man and flipping him over for the pin. What a surprise the Doctor was in for! He was thrown thirteen times in thirteen minutes.

After that the Hindu wrestlers, especially their leader, Gama Palewhan, began to attract attention . . . and also to distract stars of the western wrestling world. They found themselves avoided like true Untouchables and eventually had to return to India.

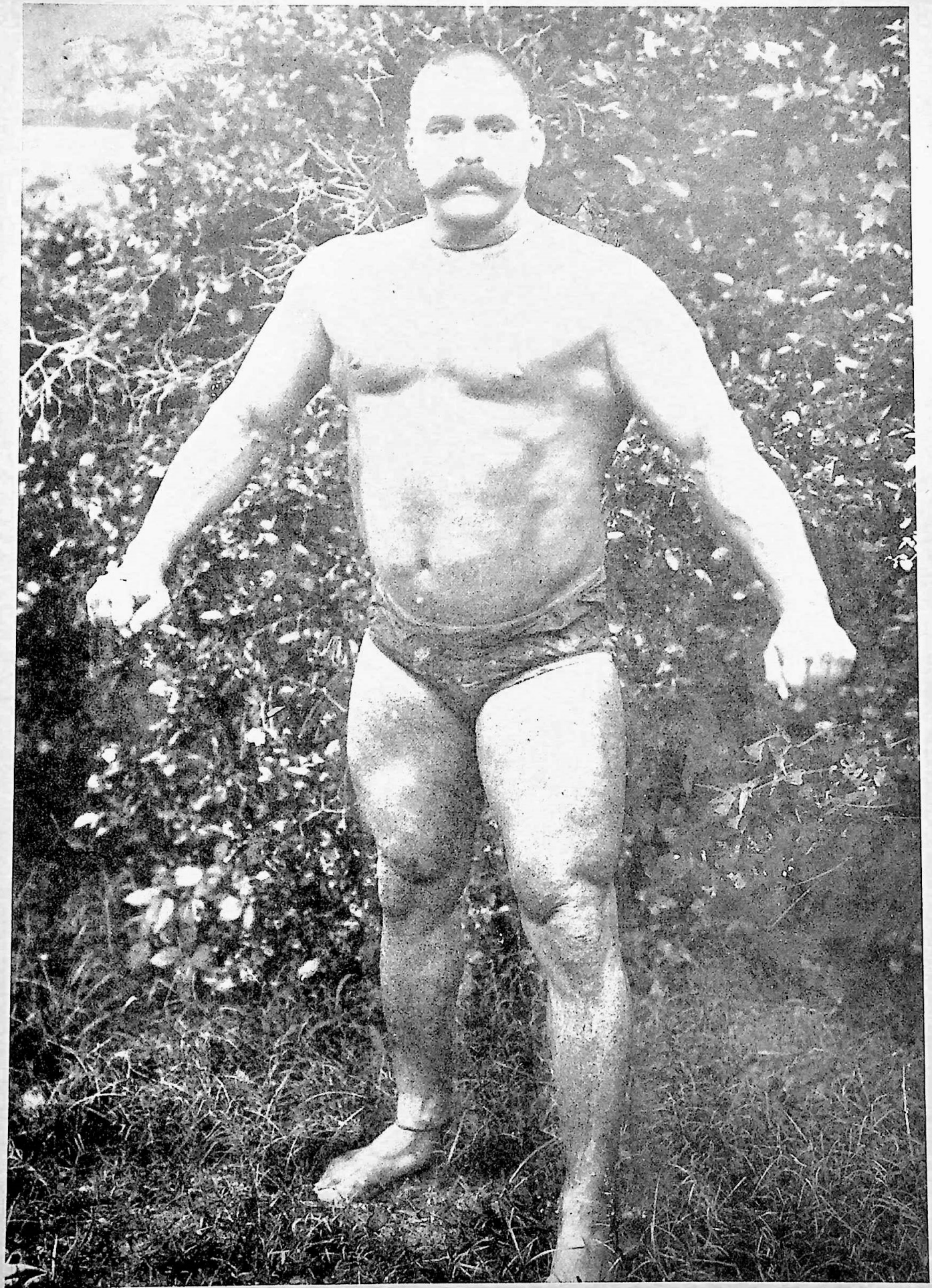
During this first year of the Indian invasion, the only European who dared to take a Hindu on was Emil Deriaz. The match aroused little enthusiasm and only a handful of fanatics attended. They saw Deriaz quickly thrown twice; the second time Gama's brother, Immam Bhuks, slammed Deriaz so hard that Emil remained unconscious a full forty minutes. From then on it was tough for the Indians to do business.

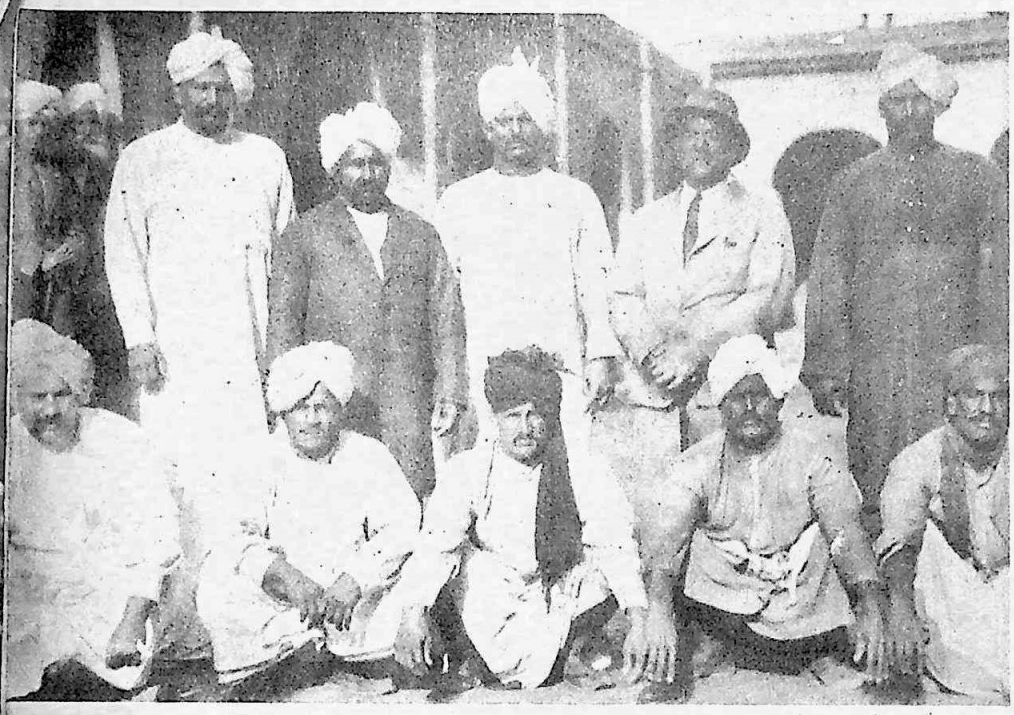
Just how greatly respected Gama was can be seen by the fact that, in 1911, both Frank Gotch—considered the all-time champion by most experts — and George Hackenschmidt, his runner-up, refused to meet the Indian monster. Desperate for matches, Gama proceeded to shoot out brazen challenges: "I will throw any *twenty* British wrestlers within an hour, one after the other!" His challenge was not accepted.

Shortly thereafter, the marvelous Stanislaus Zbyszko decided that, since he was the world's *best* wrestler, he would show this Hindu a thing or two about European wrestling and send him back to the Ganges! Then they met in the ring for the first time. Since Zbyszko was at that time admittedly the greatest Graeco-Roman wrestler in the world, most people felt he would defeat Gama in a catch-as-catch-can match.

In the ring, the two huge wrestlers circled one another warily for about ten seconds. Then, like a flash, Gama rushed in and seized his opponent in what were very likely the strongest arms ever attached to a wrestler. The 250-pound Zbyszko went down like a

(*continued on page* 14)





Picture taken at Lahore, India in 1926 after the famous match between Gama and Zbyszko, second from right, standing. Others are all Hindu wrestlers.

Gama, right, poses in Calcutta in 1924 with a wealthy backer. The great wrestler was given gifts amounting to more than three million dollars during his lifetime.

sack of wheat. Instinctively, he curled up into an impenetrable hulk, at which Gama pulled and hauled for nearly three hours. At the end of this time the Indian said, "To hell with this," and walked away. He was adjudged the victor.

After this, no one would meet Gama, who returned to India in disgust, still undefeated. There at home he became the toast of the sub-continent and was hailed as the greatest athlete in Asiatic history. His place was secure, but still he was little known West of Khyber Pass or East of Hong Kong.

World War I came and went, Prohibition and the Roaring Twenties were making headlines, and the name Gama became lost in yellowed news articles in the bigger libraries.

Then, Stanislaus Zbyszko, still smarting after a dozen years of humiliation, was challenged by Gama to come to Calcutta for a return match. The lure was $10,000, guaranteed.

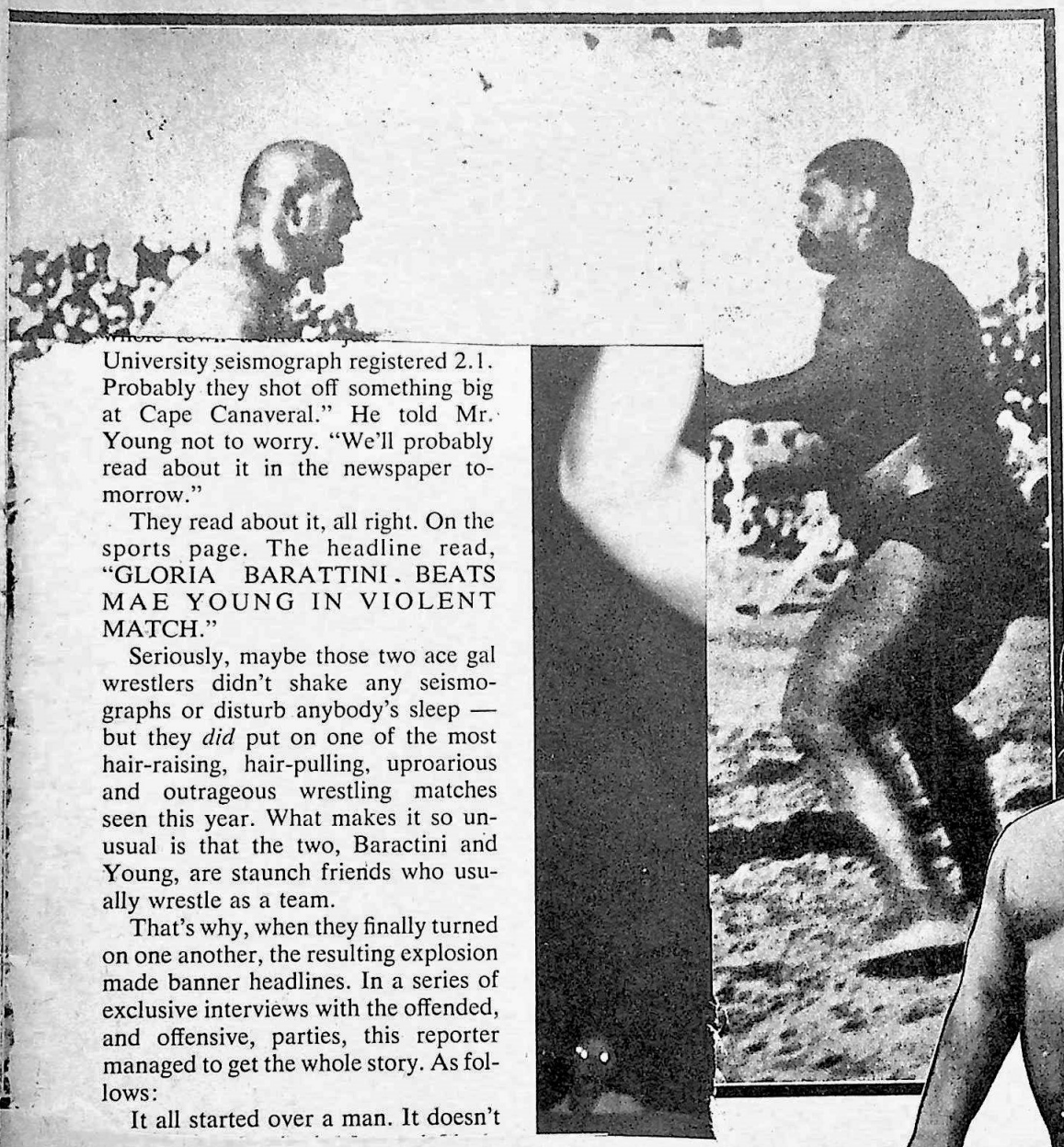
For the second time, Zbyszko met the Great Gama, this time on the Hindu's home ground. This is what Zbyszko saw:

A fantastically wide-shouldered, muscular man with a small bullet head atop a column of neck, standing only five-nine but weighing 260 pounds, all solid muscle; a forbidding dark face made even more frightening by the six-inch walrus mustache.

He was, in fact, much like Stanislaus himself, physically, for the great Pole was one of the huskiest men in the world. An intelligent man, too, Zbyszko spoke a dozen languages and was a doctor of philosophy. Having won the world championship from Joe Stecher in 1917, he lost the title back to Stecher a few years later. Now in 1926, Zbyszko was on the decline, but it was not noticeable.

Indian wrestling is different from the Western brand in that there is no ring, no canvas mats. Contestants wrestle in an open arena in dirt or mud, depending on climatic conditions, in bare feet. Zbyszko was unused to this, but didn't complain. He was supremely confident. Not that the underfooting would have had much bearing on what happened.

The two mighty opponents faced each other as eighty thousand people from all parts of India and the world watched beneath the burning Calcutta sun. The signal was given to begin—



Gama, right, and Zbyszko move toward each other as bout begins. Gama was declared the winner in about ten seconds.

University seismograph registered 2.1. Probably they shot off something big at Cape Canaveral." He told Mr. Young not to worry. "We'll probably read about it in the newspaper tomorrow."

They read about it, all right. On the sports page. The headline read, "GLORIA BARATTINI BEATS MAE YOUNG IN VIOLENT MATCH."

Seriously, maybe those two ace gal wrestlers didn't shake any seismographs or disturb anybody's sleep — but they *did* put on one of the most hair-raising, hair-pulling, uproarious and outrageous wrestling matches seen this year. What makes it so unusual is that the two, Baractini and Young, are staunch friends who usually wrestle as a team.

That's why, when they finally turned on one another, the resulting explosion made banner headlines. In a series of exclusive interviews with the offended, and offensive, parties, this reporter managed to get the whole story. As follows:

It all started over a man. It doesn't

and the Great Gama leaped forward. Zbyszko, aware of the Indian's tremendous strength, was nevertheless startled to feel those incredible arms lock around him—felt himself lifted like a sack of oats and hurled flat onto his back. He struggled violently, madly, sensing that the impossible was happening to him and that he was powerless to prevent.

Gama, to make sure there could be no quibbling afterward, held Zbyszko down a full minute, his shoulders tightly pinned against the dirt. But the official time was ten seconds. A remarkable accomplishment, considering that it was the great Zbyszko who was the victim.

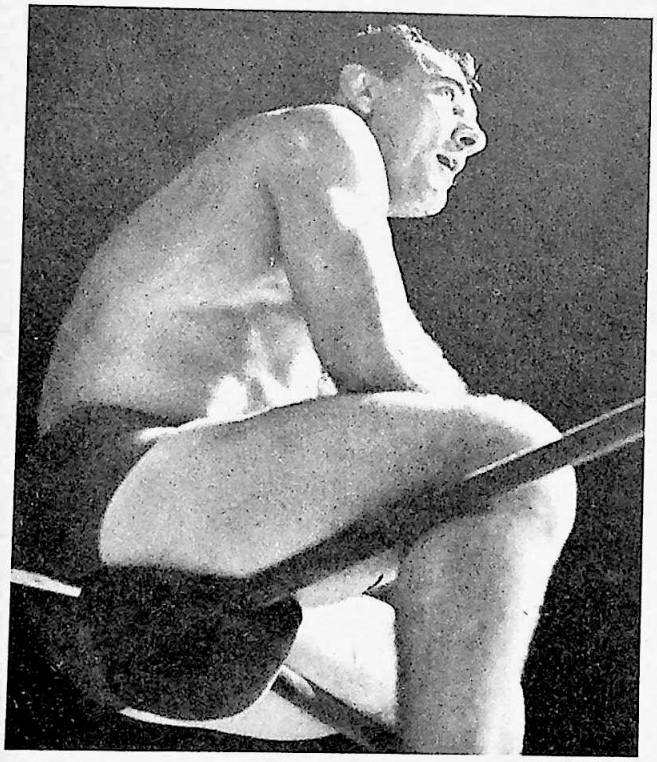
Yet mention the name Gama to a modern wrestling fan. Chances are he'll ask, "Who the hell was *he?*"

Now you know. • *end*

Gama poses proudly with solid gold trophy which is emblematic of athletic supremacy in India.

Official WRESTLING RATINGS

A poll of leading promoters, newsmen and the wrestlers themselves guided us in compiling these ratings.



ANTONINO ROCCA

...etween Gama ...restlers.

...nent and was hailed as the greatest athlete in Asiatic history. His place was secure, but still he was little known West of Khyber Pass or East of Hong Kong.

World War I came and went, Prohibition and the Roaring Twenties were making headlines, and the name Gama became lost in yellowed news articles in the bigger libraries.

Then, Stanislaus Zbyszko, still smarting after a dozen years of humiliation, was challenged by Gama to come to Calcutta for a return match. The lure was $10,000, guaranteed.

For the second time, Zbyszko met the Great Gama, this time on the Hindu's home ground. This is what Zbyszko saw:

A fantastically wide-shouldered, muscular man with a small bullet head atop a column of neck, standing only five-nine but weighing 260 pounds, all solid muscle; a forbidding dark face made even more frightening by the six-inch walrus mustache.

He was, in fact, much like Stanislaus himself, physically, for the great Pole was one of the huskiest men in

MALE	FEMALE	TAG TEAMS
1—PAT O'CONNOR	1—JUNE BYERS	1—ANTONINO ROCCA and MIGUEL PEREZ
2—ANTONINO ROCCA	2—JUDY GRABLE	2—GRAHAM BROTHERS
3—KILLER KOWALSKI	3—LORRAINE JOHNSON	3—KANGAROOS
4—EDOUARD CARPENTIER	4—TONA TOMAH	4—BASTIEN BROTHERS
5—BUDDY ROGERS	5—PENNY BANNER	5—KALMIKOFF BROTHERS
6—RAY GUNKLE	6—BARBARA BAKER	6—GALLAGHER BROTHERS
7—DICK HUTTON	7—BELLE STARR	7—MILLER BROTHERS
8—FRED BLASSIE	8—NELL STEWART	8—TINY MILLS and STAN KOWALSKI
9—BILLY VARGA	9—FABULOUS MOOLAH	9—SHARPE BROTHERS
10—RAMON TORRES	10—ROSE ROMAN	10—SCOTT BROTHERS

MR. HENRY YOUNG is not a wrestling fan. The only thing he has to do with this article is that he phoned the Tampa Police one night last season and said, "My neighborhood was just shaken by an explosion or an earthquake or something. Thought I'd better report it."

The Chief nodded. "Yeah, the whole town trembled just now. The University seismograph registered 2.1. Probably they shot off something big at Cape Canaveral." He told Mr. Young not to worry. "We'll probably read about it in the newspaper tomorrow."

They read about it, all right. On the sports page. The headline read, "GLORIA BARATTINI BEATS MAE YOUNG IN VIOLENT MATCH."

Seriously, maybe those two ace gal wrestlers didn't shake any seismographs or disturb anybody's sleep — but they *did* put on one of the most hair-raising, hair-pulling, uproarious and outrageous wrestling matches seen this year. What makes it so unusual is that the two, Baractini and Young, are staunch friends who usually wrestle as a team.

That's why, when they finally turned on one another, the resulting explosion made banner headlines. In a series of exclusive interviews with the offended, and offensive, parties, this reporter managed to get the whole story. As follows:

It all started over a man. It doesn't matter who; but both Mae and Gloria took a fancy to him at the same time. Instead of drawing straws, they drew blood. Each other's blood. "Cowboy" Luttrall, former tough-guy wrestler-turned-Florida's biggest promoter, tells about that part of it.

Barrattini is hurled across the ring by Young. She landed with a sickening thud and arose dazed and bleeding from a deep gash on the chin. Young quickly followed her advantage with a series of hard elbow smashes to the face.

TAMPA TANTRUMS!

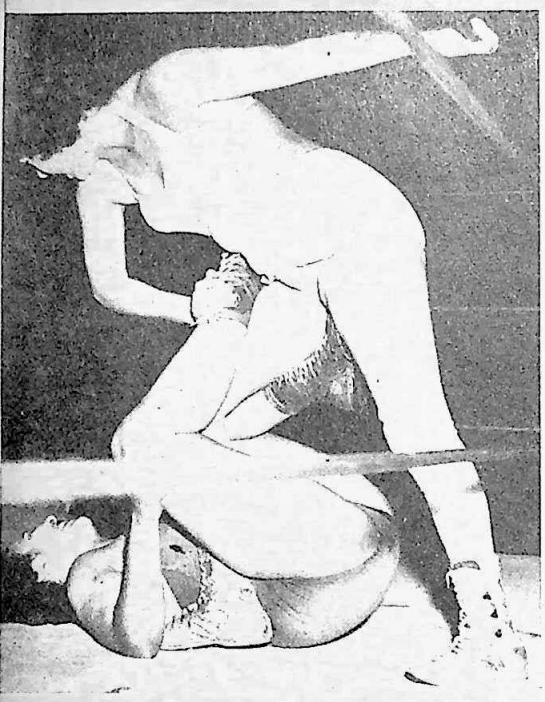
"They were in the dressing room after a Miami match," says Luttrall, "they'd wrestled as a team, as usual, and won—as usual. I expected to hear them celebrating. Instead, from the hallway outside their dressing room, I heard sudden screams and chairs breaking. I rushed inside and saw a terrible sight. There was Mae about to clobber Gloria with a bench. Blood was running from Mae's split lip. I grabbed Mae and the other girls grabbed Gloria. I told them not to throw good money away by killing each other in private. 'Do it in the ring,' I said, 'where people can see you—and we'll all get paid for it!'

"So they agreed, glaring hatefully at each other. 'She two-timed me,' snarled Gloria, 'I'll claw her eyes out!' And Mae spit back, 'I licked you in this room and I'll lick you in the ring —only worse!'

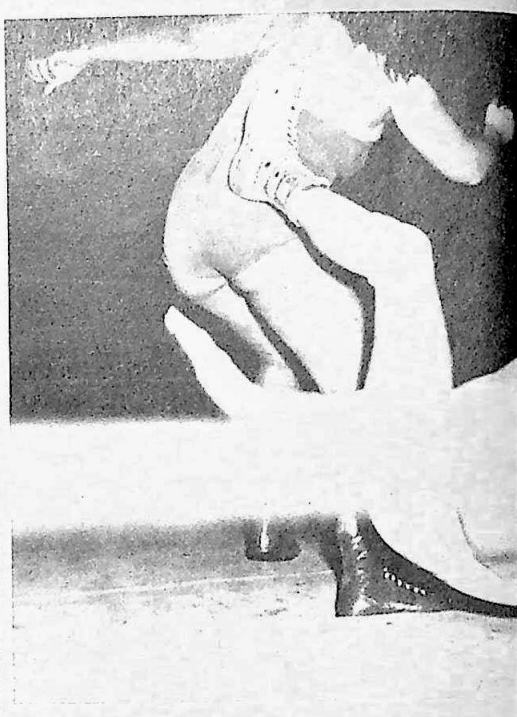
"Can you imagine? Two good friends all of a sudden so mad at each

other—and over a *man*, of all things! Anyway, after years of working together as a team, they're now bitter foes. I arrange a match for them in Tampa, and — well, you know what happened."

What happened was as the newspapers said — the most violent girl match seen in years. At the end, both girls were badly bruised and battered, there was enough loose hair scattered around the ring to start a mattress factory, both opponents had flown out of the ring more than once, and Mae had banged her sacro-iliac on a chair. It



Young adds leverage to stepover leg lock by tugging on rope. Referee broke it up.



Young, foreground, is short with drop kick and crashes to floor with a thud.

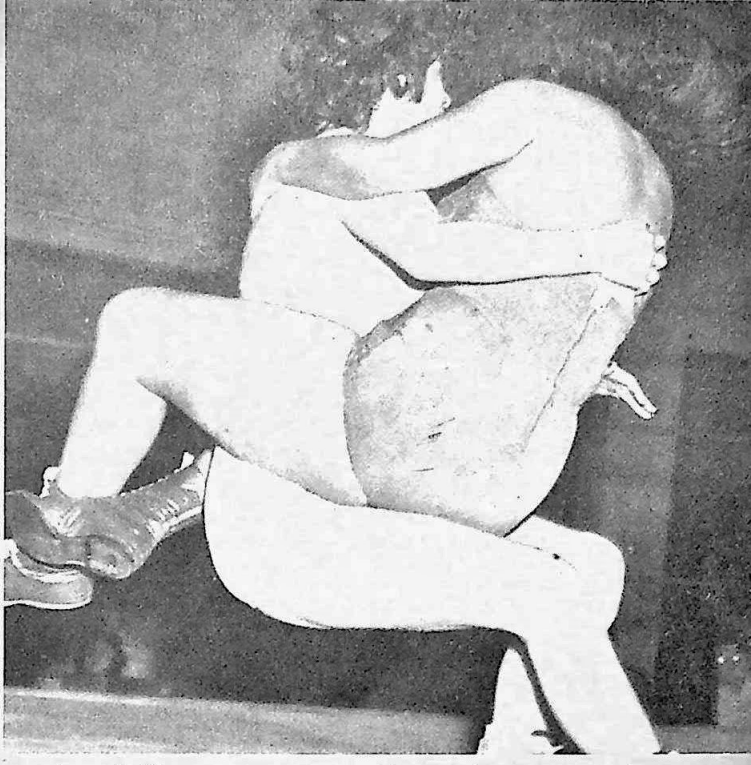
Hatred between the two girls shows clearly on Mae Young's face as she chokes Barrattini before slamming her to the floor. Notice tattoos on Young's left arm.

was Gloria who won, finally.

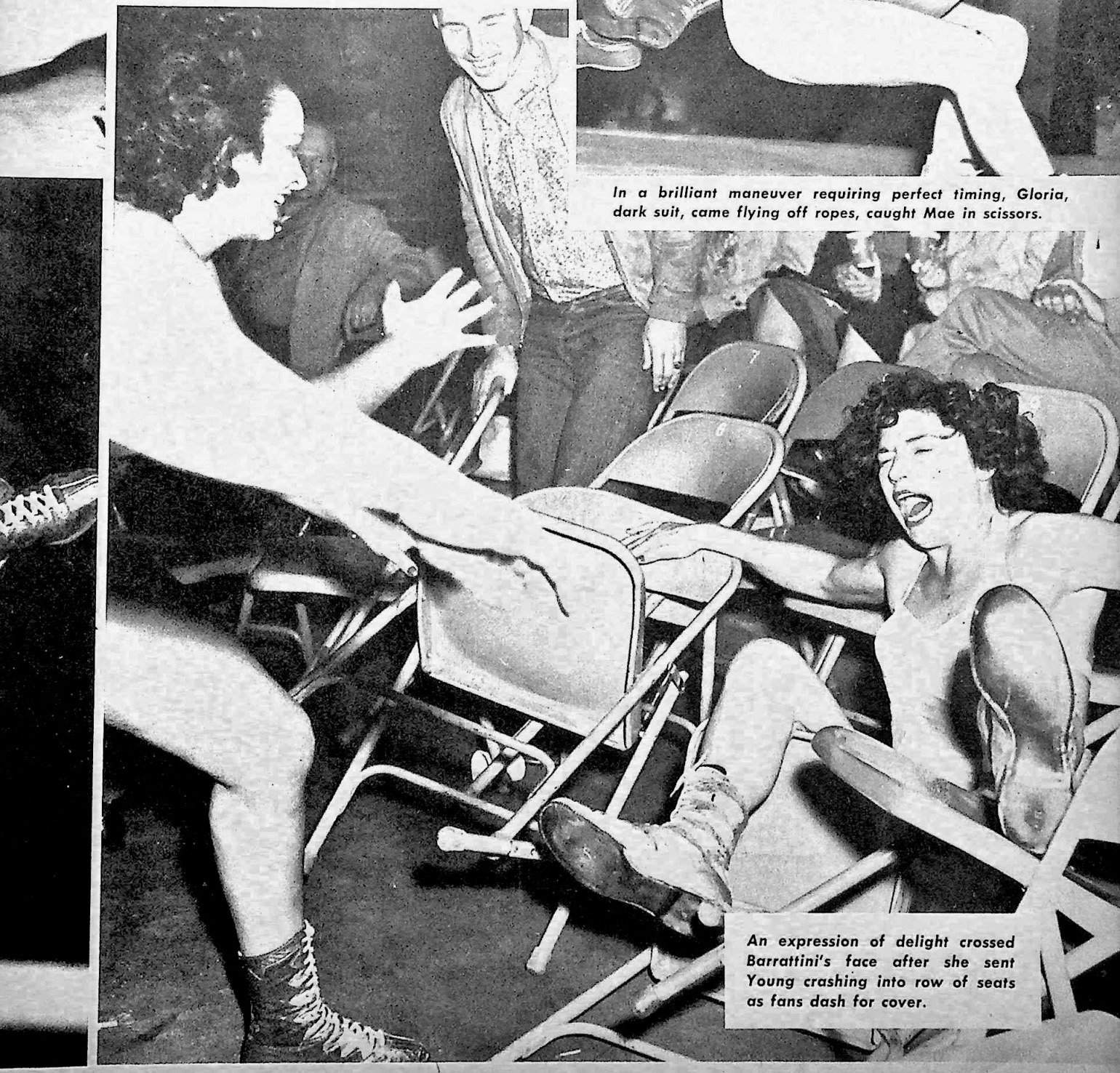
When it was over, Luttrall felt better. He was sure that the girls had gotten it off their chests and that the air had been cleared once and for all.

The Cowboy finishes the story. "When I got to the dressing room, there was a crowd of people around the door. From inside there was the sound of a dozen tomcats fighting a bulldog, along with the sound of wood crunching and metal tearing. The door was locked.

"I busted down the door with my shoulder and went inside. Sure enough, they were at it. Mae had Gloria's head in her hands and was smashing it against a locker door. I separated them at last—this time there *(continued on next page)*

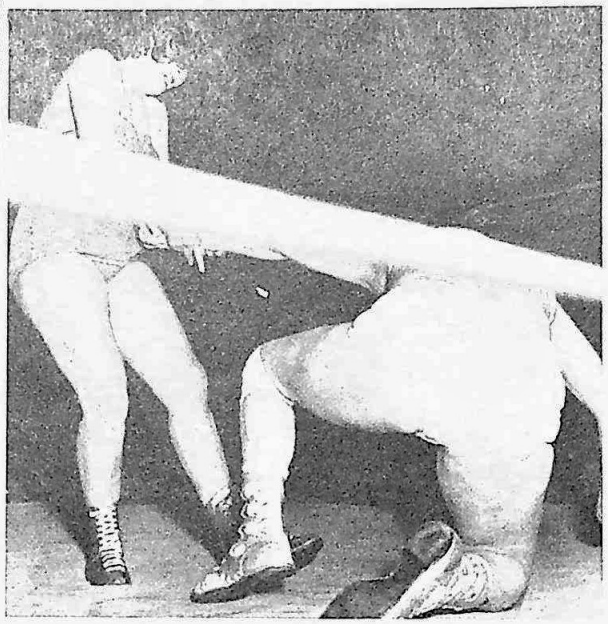


In a brilliant maneuver requiring perfect timing, Gloria, dark suit, came flying off ropes, caught Mae in scissors.

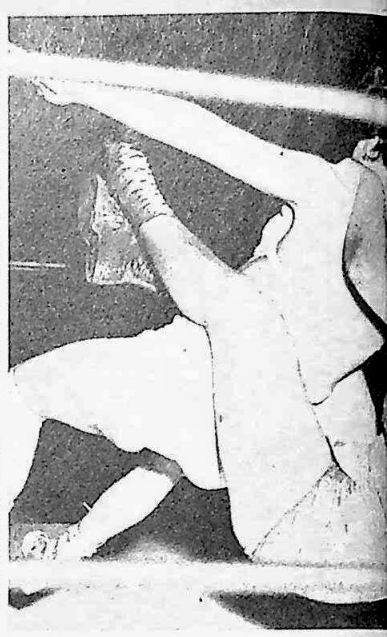


An expression of delight crossed Barrattini's face after she sent Young crashing into row of seats as fans dash for cover.

A flying headlock sends Barrattini to floor with Young on top. Mae then kicked Gloria.

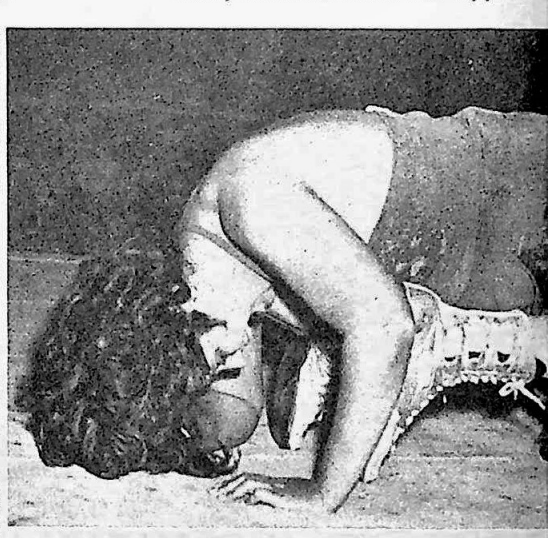


Barrattini tried to keep her aggressive opponent at long range with holds like this wrist lock.



Favorite Barrattini weapon was body scissors which she applies

Not even referee Ray Collins was able to avoid being mauled. Here Young goes flying out of the ring taking Collins with her. She ripped a cut in her leg falling on a chair.



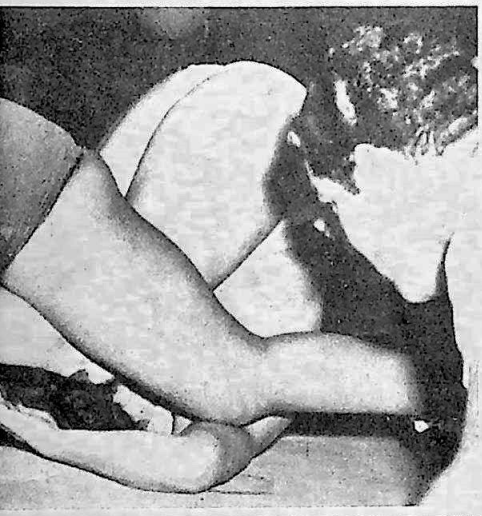
was nobody to help me—and held each one by the hair a yard apart. 'Now, what?' I asked them. 'I thought this damn feud was all over with! That man just isn't worth all this trouble!' "

Luttrall laughs bitterly, telling about it. "You know what? Mae glared at me. 'Man? *What* man? This character borrowed my brand new alligator shoes yesterday—without telling me—and busted the heel off one of them. Nobody does *that* to me!' And she kicked Gloria right in the stomach before I could stop her!"

It hasn't ended yet. One of the best girl tag teams in the business may be broken up for good. The fans don't care too much—one of the best feuds in the business may replace it. Either way, it's all right with promoter Luttrall. "But," he says, "it makes for higher overhead." • *end*

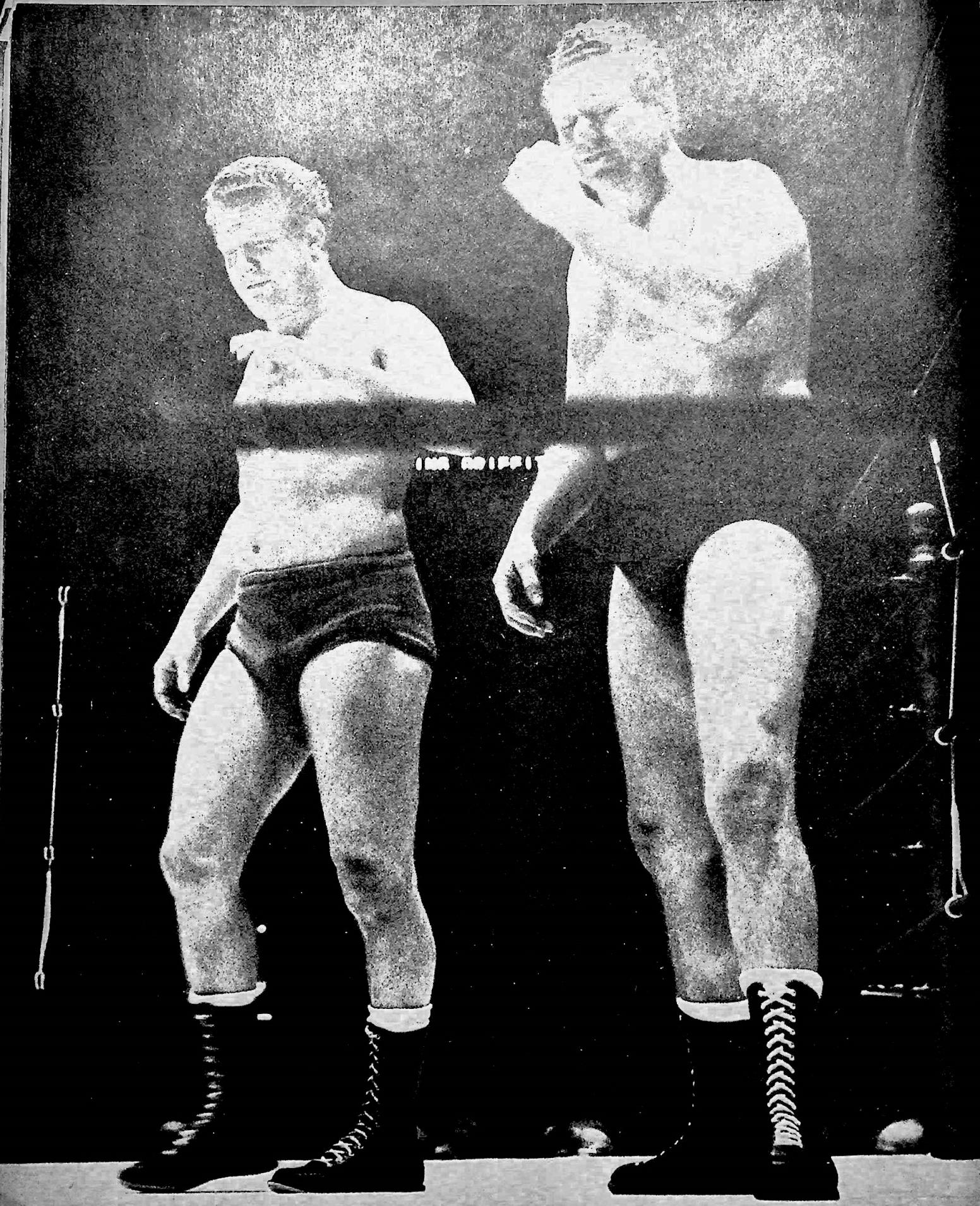
here on Young effectively.

After bout had been raging 25 minutes, Barrattini was catapulted through ropes into laps of the fans.



After 37 minutes of furious battling, the more agile Barrattini fell across Young's legs and pinned her shoulders to the mat.

Winner Gloria Barrattini, the favorite of the big crowd, received rousing ovation as the referee raised her arm in token of victory.



THE BASTINES, LOU, LEFT, AND BROTHER, RED.

By GENE ACE

EXCLUSIVE!

IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT THE BASTINES?

Do all those silver dollars really belong to them?

Are they constantly fighting each other in private?

What do they really think of Eddie and Jerry Graham?

Are they really brothers?

THE BASTINES ARE NOT BROTHERS! —

This exclusive scoop was presented to WRESTLING REVUE by no less an authority than the Bastine "Brothers" themselves. In a noisy, rampaging interview at Washington, D. C.'s Capitol Arena, we discovered the truth about the sensational tag team that has been making the headlines and the hospital rolls throughout the Eastern U.S.

They're *half*-brothers.

But that's only half the truth. The rest of it is as interesting as anything Dostoevski ever wrote — and just as complicated. As Lou Klein (Lou Bastine, that is) says, "It's tough enough to have two different fathers — but when you have two different personalities, it's almost impossible to work together as a brother team. That's why so many people think we're just putting on a brother act."

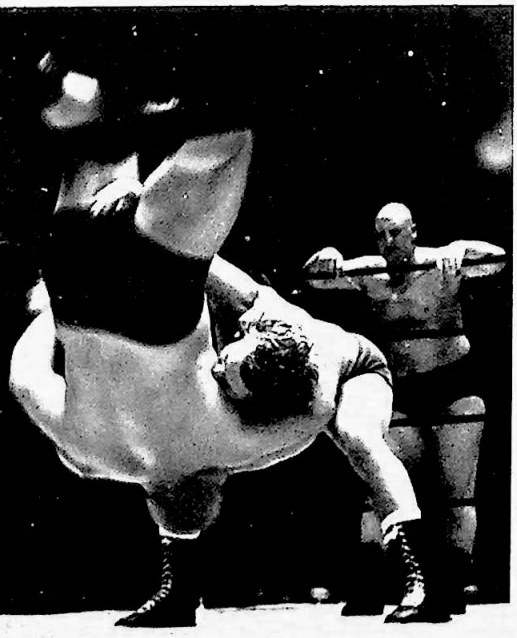
It confused many people to see a wrestler they had often seen billed as Lou Klein suddenly billed as "Lou Bastine." They remembered Lou as doing very well for himself as a single. Why, they wondered, did he suddenly change his name and become part of a tag team? Everybody knows damned well that the team called "The Bastines" is made up of only one man whose real name is Bastine.

Cornered in the dressing room, Red admitted: "Sure, we were doing all right wrestling as singles. We're both good scientific wrestlers and we had beaten the best in the country."

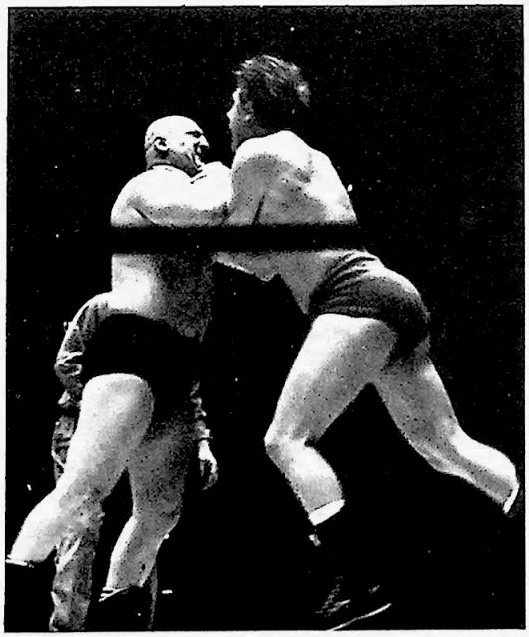
Why hadn't they teamed up before?

Red and Lou looked at one another, not exactly smiling. Red kept his eyes on his half-brother when he answered the question. "Because we hate each other," he said quietly.

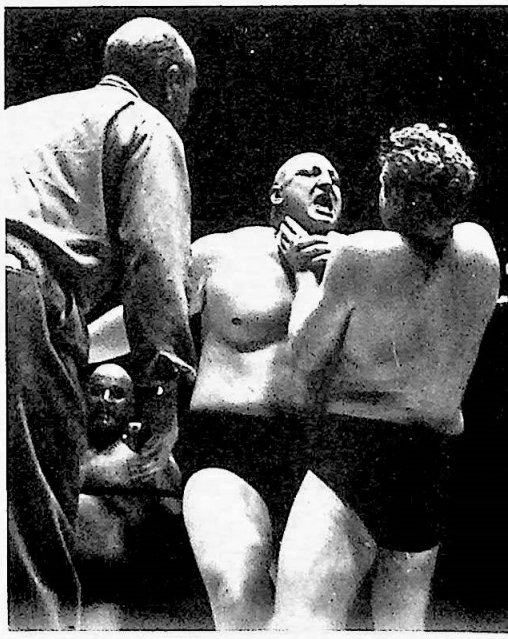
It was like a depth bomb dropped into a swimming pool, with everybody treading water and waiting to be blown out of the pool. *(continued on next page)*



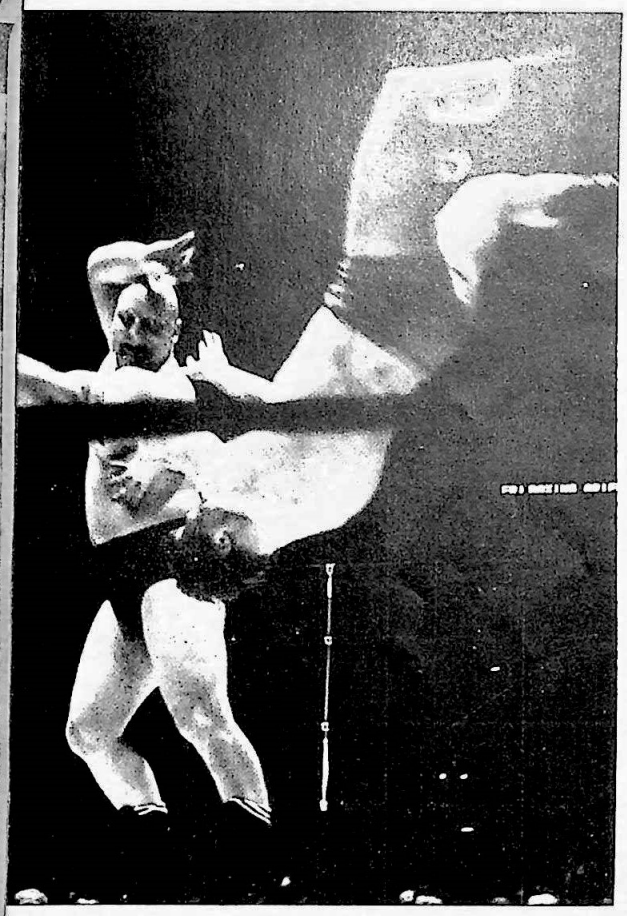
Lou Bastine slams 250-pound Pat Kelly to floor in Madison Sq. Garden as Kelly's partner, Skull Murphy, watches.



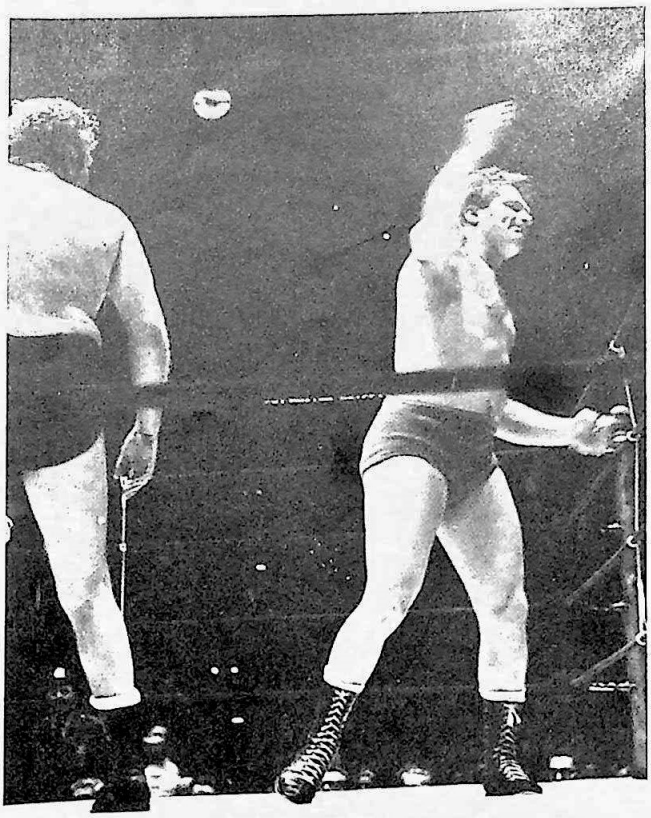
Skull Murphy grabs Red by the throat and chokes him. Skull retained hold about three minutes, then Lou rescued Red.



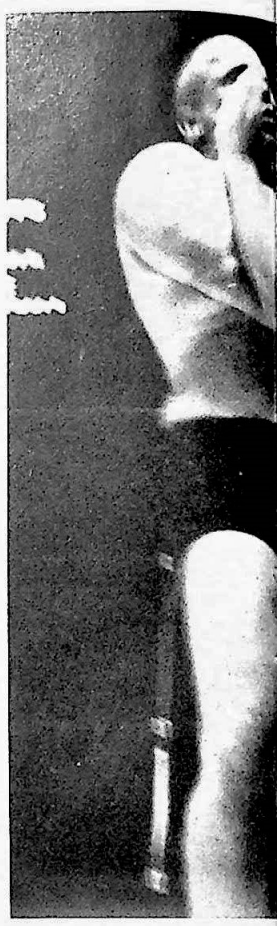
Streaking into the ring, Lou clamped choke hold on Murphy. Skull finally was tagged by partner and freed.



Red Bastine goes flying through the air after Skull Murphy caught him coming off the ropes.



Red, right, slams his fist down in disgust after Lou allowed Murphy to break out of a hold.



Lou shoots overhand right to Pat Kelly's chin after

Red saved the situation by continuing. "I mean we hate each other like mountain people hate each other. We scrap all the time — but if anybody picks on one or the other, we stick together like marines! That's why we're so liked in the ring."

Lou, who's two years older than Red, and who furnishes the promotional ideas for the team, went on with the story. "After Mom re-married about thirty years ago, I figured that my step-father — Red's father — didn't care much for me. I was wrong, of course, but it doesn't matter; I became jealous of Red and I was always at his throat. By the time I was eight, they had to separate us. For good! We got together — obviously — later on, but for many years we were strangers to each other. It was probably the best thing that ever happened to us. Made men out of both of us, whereas, had we stayed together, one of us might have gotten killed."

Red eyed Lou maliciously. "Yeah — and guess which one!"

For a moment Lou's eyes flared dangerously, but he controlled himself. "See what I mean?" he said to the reporter. "He's always needling me. His old man was the same way, always —"

Red got to his feet. For a moment it looked as though a fight would break out then and there. But there appeared to be a kind of twinkle in the eyes of the brothers. An observer got the impression that, even when all-out angry, the Bastines can control themselves. Only they *don't*. And that's what makes their situation so interesting.

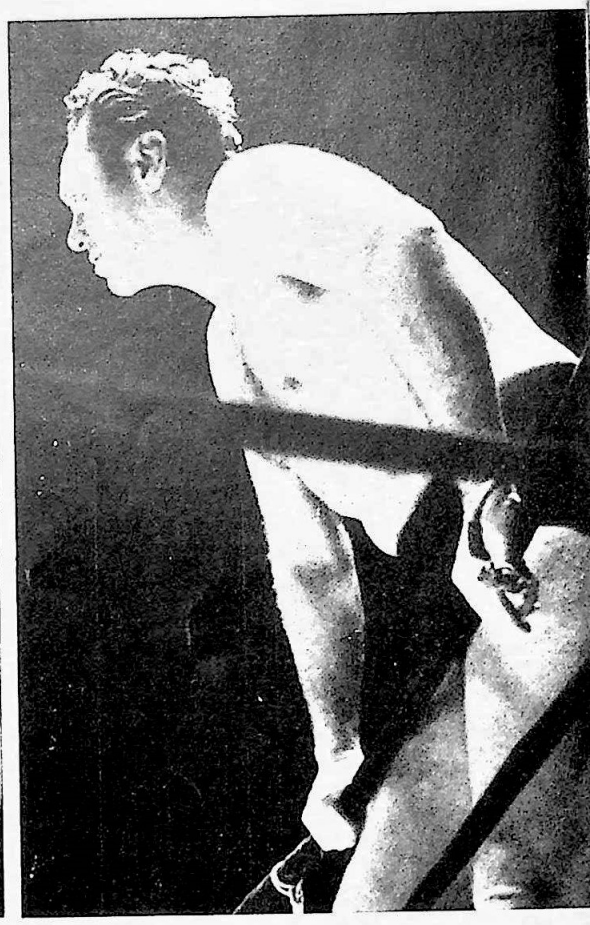
"We had to learn to get along," said Red, calming down, "or our lives might have been bolloxed up permanently. Luckily, we're tough enough now so that we can let off a little steam now and then and not break any bones. It's tension that wrecks most people's lives. We know how to get rid of our tensions."

This "letting off steam," or ridding themselves of their "tensions" has resulted in more than one or two wrecked dressing rooms since the two got together. The Mighty Jumbo, who is friendly with both brothers, tells of one untidy incident in Virginia last January.

"It happened so damn suddenly, none of us had time to stop them," says Jumbo, shaking his grizzled head. "There they were, getting ready to go on, normal looking and innocent. Then Lou — or was it Red? — reached into the other's bag and grabbed a Band-Aid to cover a slight abrasion on his elbow. Now, I ask you — is that anything to get sore about? Does a partner have to ask if he can go into your bag for a lousy Band-Aid? Yes — when it happens to be one of the Bastines! Because Red — or was it Lou? — suddenly hauled off and knocked his brother clean over the rubbing table and onto his fanny! Before any of us knew what was happening, Lou was trying to cram Red into an empty locker and shut the door. He almost succeeded, too, only Red took a deep breath, shoved Lou away, and ripped the door off its hinges. He chased Lou around the room with the door, threatening to split open his skull. Then he tripped over somebody's shoes and skidded into the shower room. Lou promptly

Pat had fouled him during early part of the bout.

An argument breaks out between brothers, Red, right, and Lou after they lost the first fall.



Lou stands on ropes shouting advise to Red as end of match nears. Bastines finally won.

turned on the hot water, damn near scalding Red to death — man, he was *really* red, all over! Then it came time for them to go into the ring.

"As though they were machines, they quieted down. One thing the Bastines don't do, is let their *play* interefere with their work." Jumbo scratched his head here. "Only I wonder if they were playing? Thought sure they'd kill each other.

They weren't playing. On the other hand, ". . . We weren't really trying to kill each other," says Red. More than Lou, the younger brother shows his Irish, Scotch, French-Canadian blood. Lou's an obvious German-Italian-Jewish Meditteranean type. Actually, all the Bastines have in common is red hair. "We save our killing for the ring — for the likes of Killer Kowalski, Buddy Rogers and those miserable Grahams."

At mention of the Graham Brothers, both Bastines grow livid. This is because their worst rhubarb to date involved the two blonde arch-villains. Those who saw the affair will never forget it. Especially the Grahams.

It started with the "gimmick" that has become the Bastines' trademark. Until they joined together as a team, the brothers avoided such auxiliary wrestler equipment as gaudy jackets, bleached hair and curled beards. But Lou's inborn genius for showmanship told him that every new team must have a so-called gimmick to attract attention. He hit upon the scheme of having a metal chest filled with a thousand silver dollars which would be dumped on the ring canvas before every televised bout. Any team that could beat them would win not only the match but also the thousand dollars. And every time the Bastines won, another fifty silver dollars would be added to the pot.

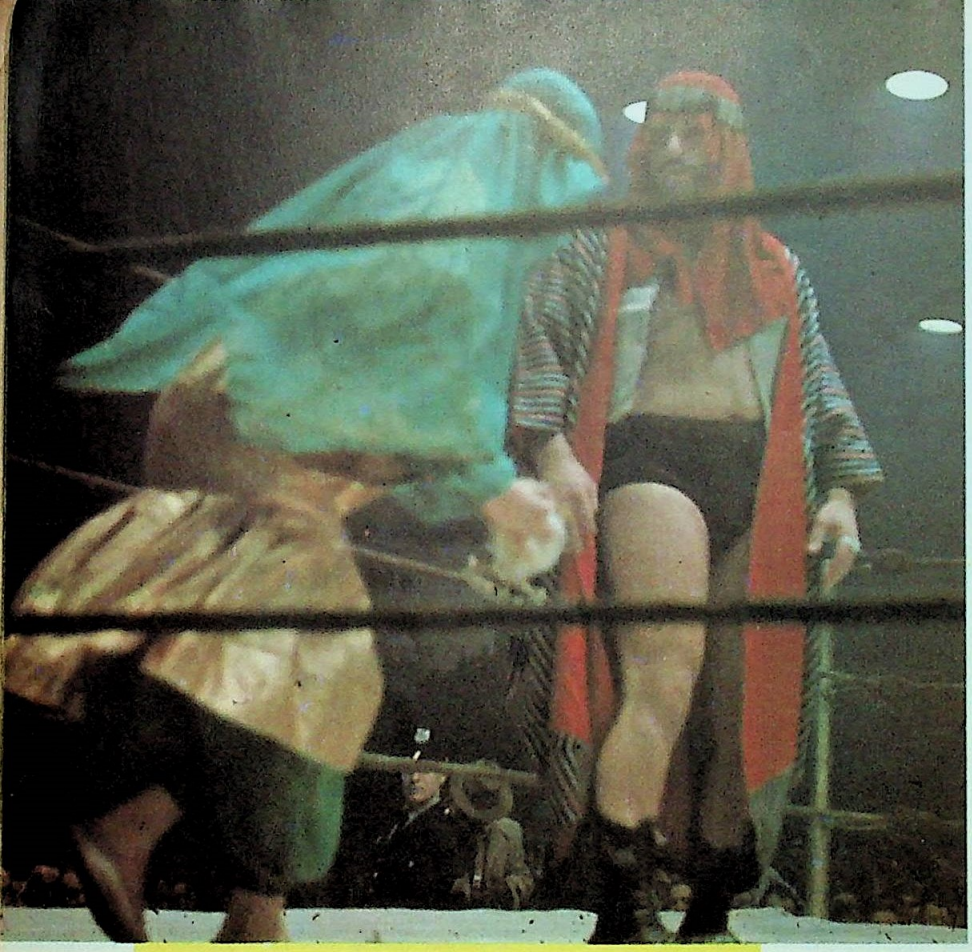
Lou's brain-child caught on like wildfire. People seemed to be getting more of a thrill seeing those silver dollars rolling all over the ring than watching heels like Skull Murphy and Bull Curry battered into bleeding hulks. It ballooned into a tremendous crowd-getter and within a matter of months the Bastines were the top attraction along the East Coast.

Then came the Grahams. Like a tornado, the rough-tough blondes roared into the lives of Lou and Red. The instant they came into the ring, they laughed aloud at the pile of silver in the center of the canvas. They made a few uncomplimentary remarks about the Bastines' appearance, motives and antecedents.

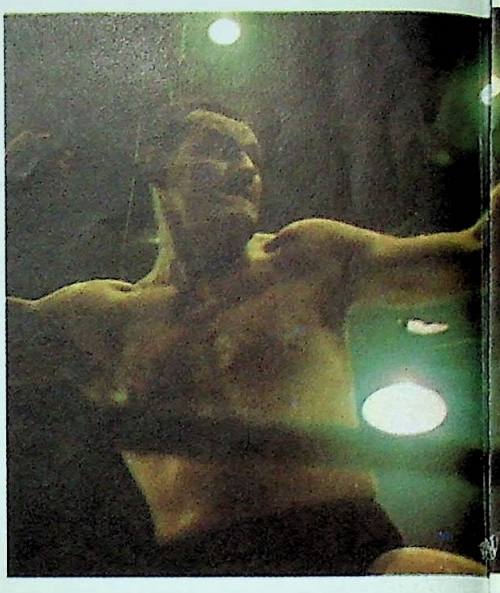
A word battle flared into the open when the Bastines took exception to the insults. At last, unable to contain himself, Jerry Graham leaped forward and grabbed a fistful of silver dollars. "Here's your admission fee back, folks — these crumbs should be paying *you* to watch them!" With that, he hurled fistful after fistful of the coins into the crowd!

Thunderstruck, the Bastines just stared for a moment while the fans scrambled for the coins. At least $500 of their hard-earned wealth had gone skyhigh before the Bastines finally collared Jerry and stopped the Share-The-Wealth Plan. The match that followed was a vicious one

(*continued on page* 40)

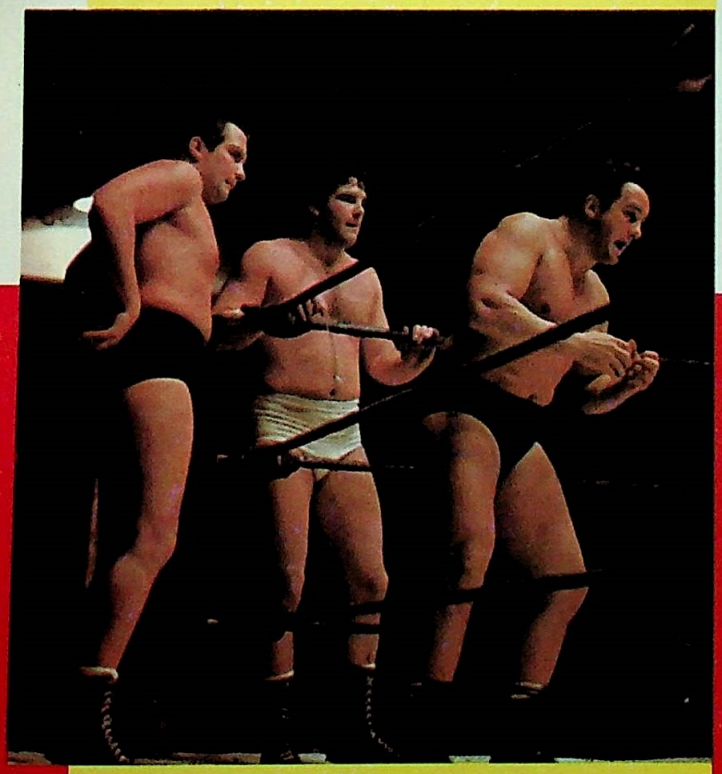


The hated Shiek and his slave girl enter ring in a blaze of color. He was later disqualified for fouling during bout with Bearcat Wright.

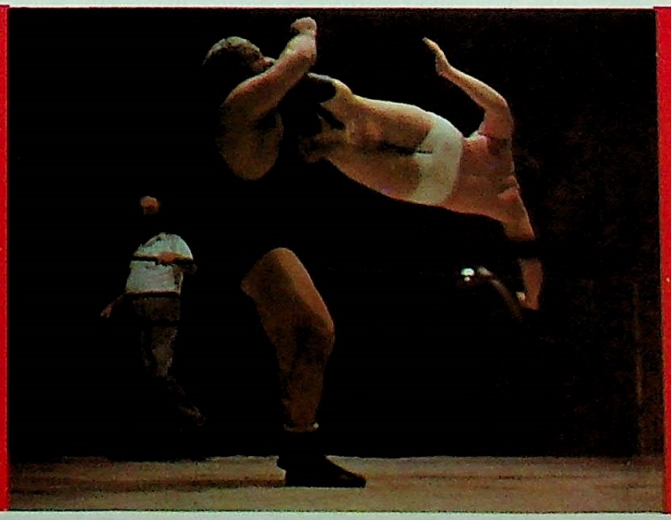


Extravaganza in Washington

Eager television sponsors pick up the tab for over ninety percent of U.S. wrestling shows, then feed the action to the general public, gratis. Although this practice has fattened the incomes of the 76 promoters operating throughout the U.S. and Canada, it has long been felt that a tremendous amount of money was being lost because people would not pay for something they could get for nothing. The trick was to give them something they could not



The famous Lewin Brothers, Ted, left, Mark and Donn, prepare to meet three man tag team composed of The Iron Russians and Zebra Kid.



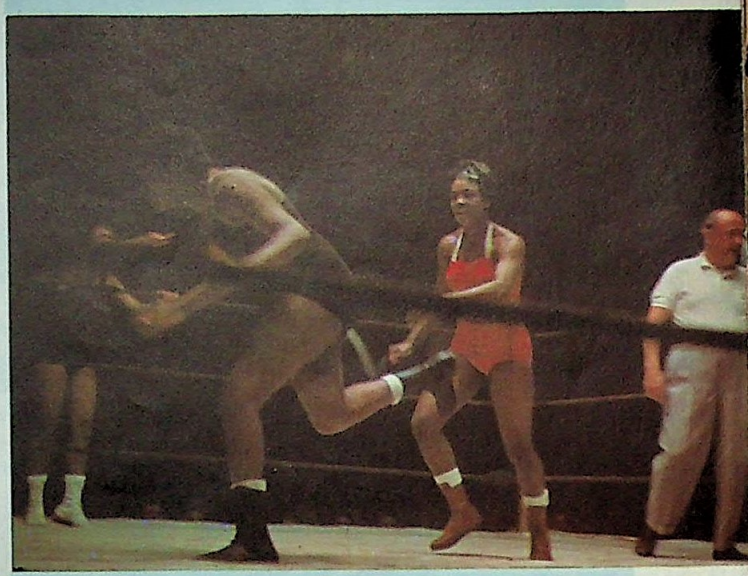
Bout's dramatic climax came at the 34 minute mark as Mark Lewin planted terrific drop kick on Zebra Kid's face. Dazed and helpless, the Kid was pinned easily.

Killer Kowalski, left, a top claimant for the world title, gets set to slug young Duke Hoffman. Kowalski had to call on all his strength and experience to defeat Hoffman who is one of the best young hopefuls in the country.

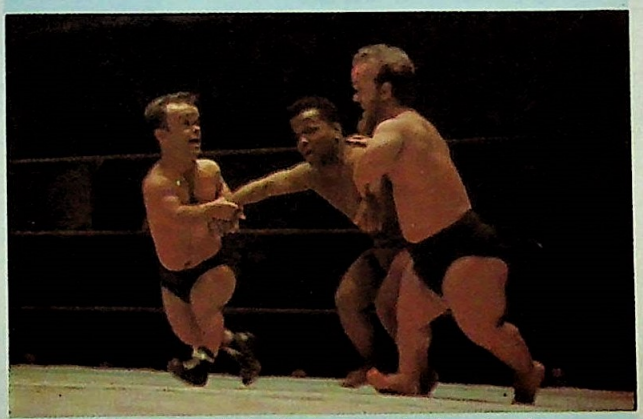
see in their living rooms.

With that in mind, shrewd promoters hit upon the idea of the Special Extravaganza, a gala program featuring top wrestlers pitted against each other in bouts TV viewers dream about—but never see. The scheme paid off beyond the wildest hopes of the most optimistic promoter as hundreds of thousands of extra dollars poured into wrestling's big till.

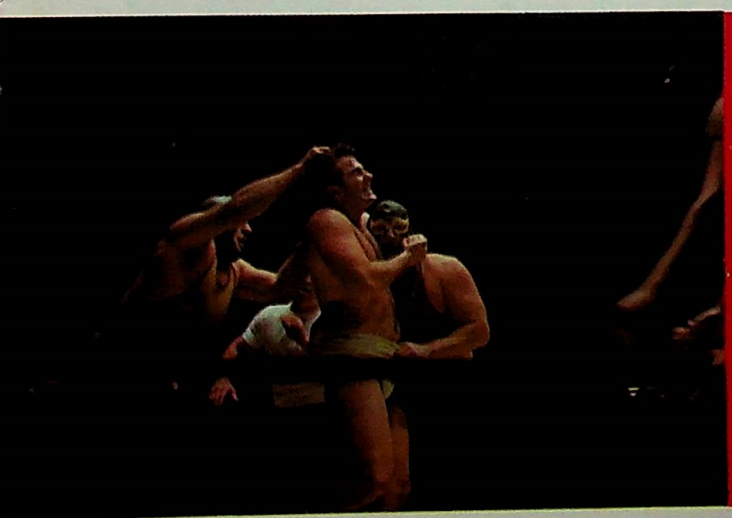
The photos on these pages capture all the color and excitement of a Special Extravaganza held recently in Washington, D. C.'s historic Uline Arena. As usual, the arena was completely sold out a week before the match, but so great was the interest that more than 5,000 disappointed fans were turned away on the big night. Said master Washington promoter Vince McMahon, "give them what they want and they'll break down the doors to get in every time." • *end*



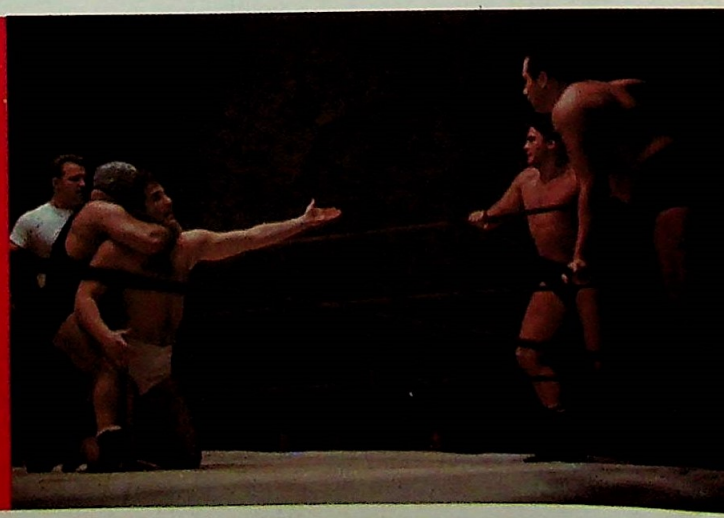
A Negro girl tag team bout brought down the house. Ethel Brown, in red suit, races after villainess Babs Wingo, but Wingo's team wound up the winner.



Midget match broke tension in the air after the furious Lewin tag team match. Here Brown Panther is catapulted across ring by Lord Littlebrook and Pee Wee James. Bout ended in a draw.



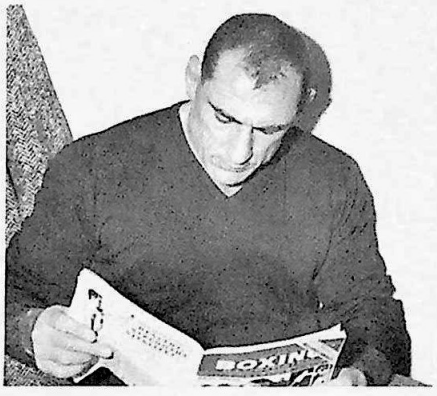
Iron Russians go to work on Mark with a vengence. One yanks his hair while the other prepares to punch him in stomach. Ted Lewin leaped in to break it up.



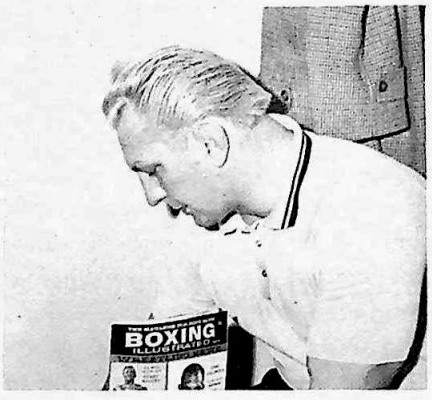
Zebra Kid locks Mark Lewin in choke hold and Mark, in agony, tries desperately to reach outstretched hand of brother to make a tag so that he can be relieved.

In dressing room about fifteen minutes before the first bout was to enter the ring at Montreal Forum, wrestlers read both WRESTLING REVUE and its sister monthly publication BOXING ILLUSTRATED-WRESTLING NEWS. Left to right: Frank Thompson, Jim Bouras, Buddy Rogers, Buddy Rosen, Frank Foza and Harry Lewis.

WHY THEY STARTED LATE IN MONTREAL



Antonino Rocca was so absorbed reading BOXING ILLUSTRATED that he was late entering the ring.



Rocca's opponent of the evening, Buddy Rogers, holds cover of issue which featured his life story.

EIGHT-THIRTY CAME AND WENT at the Montreal Forum one evening last February. A fine program had been arranged by promoter Eddie Quinn, and the ten thousand fans in the audience were looking forward to a night of excitement.

If, that is, the program ever got started. The people began getting restless, looking toward the wrestlers' entrance at the top of the main aisle, and occasionally yelling for action. When eight-forty came, they started to demonstrate. The house police force got worried, and Eddie Quinn sent to the dressing room for the answer. "What in," he hollered, "the hell is holding you guys up?"

Well, now it can be told. WRESTLING REVUE confesses! It was *we* who caused the delay, thereby causing annoyance and discomfort to 10,000 fans, and almost causing a riot. For this we apologize—and explain:

When the wrestlers appeared in the dressing room to change into their working clothes, as usual, they found something new had been added. A pile of back issues of both WRESTLING REVUE and its sister publication, BOXING ILLUSTRATED - WRESTLING NEWS had been left on a table for them to peruse and enjoy.

They all grabbed copies and started to read—while in various stages of undress—and enjoyed them so much they lost track of the time! There, on the pages of the magazines, they saw old friends come to life, and some even saw themselves in action. Old memories were revived; from time to time laughter rocked the room; and now and then they would all gather around some item of common interest.

At last, when the word came down from Quinn—"Let's get this show on the canvas!"—there was a wild scramble. The first match got under way fifteen minutes late.

It was all worth it, though. Because, what should merely have been an exceptionally good main bout—Antonino Rocca versus Buddy Rogers—turned into one of the most riotous affairs ever seen in Montreal.

Rocca, an inoffensive chap outside the ring, happened to come across an article about Rogers while browsing through the June 1959 issue of BOXING ILLUSTRATED. In that article Rogers had dropped a pretty strong insult about Rocca. There is little love lost between the two in the first place—in fact, they had to be given dressing rooms at opposite ends of The Forum to avoid pre-bout trouble. Now, with Rocca fuming and champing at the bit, the tension mounted.

When the bout finally came off—almost half an hour late—both contestants were steamed up. As a result, the Montreal fans had the rare chance of seeing an aroused Rocca go to town on one of wrestling's most notorious tough guys.

The match ended without a decision when both Rocca and Rogers plunged out of the ring, over the apron and onto the boards. There they wound up their feud with a bitter display of bar-room brawling that had to be terminated by the police.

And that's the story. Again, we apologize for the delay. On the other hand—do we have to? Who knows?—If we leave copies of WR and BI in all the dressing rooms around the country, we may give the mat sport the biggest lift its had since the days of Jack Curley. • *end*

THE Gorgeous One

After almost 25 years as a professional wrestler, George Wagner, alias Gorgeous George, is still one of the most unique and colorful personalities in the world of sport.

IN COLOR

THEY CALL HIM Gorgeous George, and to every wrestling promoter he's worth his weight in gold. To prove their devotion they let wrestling's master showman save about a quarter of a million dollars a year. And why not? After all, he did save the sport.

After ten years in the doldrums, wrestling was just about ready to roll over and die. The war had come and gone and television, that glutton for talent, had taken over the world. The tired old wrestlers who looked pretty good in person were staunchly licked by close-up TV cameras. Something revolutionary was needed—and fast!

It was about this time that an eye-filling concoction in resplendent robes and long platinum-dyed tresses, accompanied by a formally-attired valet who meticulously sprayed germicide in every direction to protect his lord and master, appeared on the scene. He called himself Gorgeous George, and he was George, if not exactly Gorgeous.

He was, actually, George Wagner, a fine wrestler whose scientific style and common brown hair attracted so little attention between 1936 and 1943 that he contemplated quitting wrestling for sheep raising. Then, midway through the war, Wagner got a "Gorgeous" idea. He realized there were a number of clowns and cut-ups crowding the mats in those days; opportunists with bulging muscles and little else. Suppose, George Wagner wondered, a really good wrestler were to use a "device," as he called it? Would the general public appreciate the shock of seeing an odd creature who had enough solid skill behind him to hold his own with any "strait-laced" wrestler in the world?

It didn't take him long to find out. From the beginning, the act caught on. Caught fire, in fact. And it wasn't just the mere costume—the "device"—or the wrestling skill that did it. It was a natural showmanship that Wagner himself didn't know he possessed. Once in the ring, regal in his $1000 robe and catered to by his valet, George Wagner actually became a completely new personality — Gorgeous George. His timing was superb, his technique flawless. And, as a wrestler who had beaten the best during those lean years B.G. (Before Gorgeous) George quadrupled his draw capacity, the fans clamored to see him and they gladly paid top dollar for the privilege.

When video arrived a couple of years later, Gorgeous George became a national institution—although some writers insisted he had escaped from one. The pattern was the same everywhere: George was Gorgeous to his fans and panned by the critics. The promoters began raking in top receipts and the largest crowds in wrestling history were chalked up in Gorgeous

SEE NEXT PAGE →

GORGEOUS GEORGE

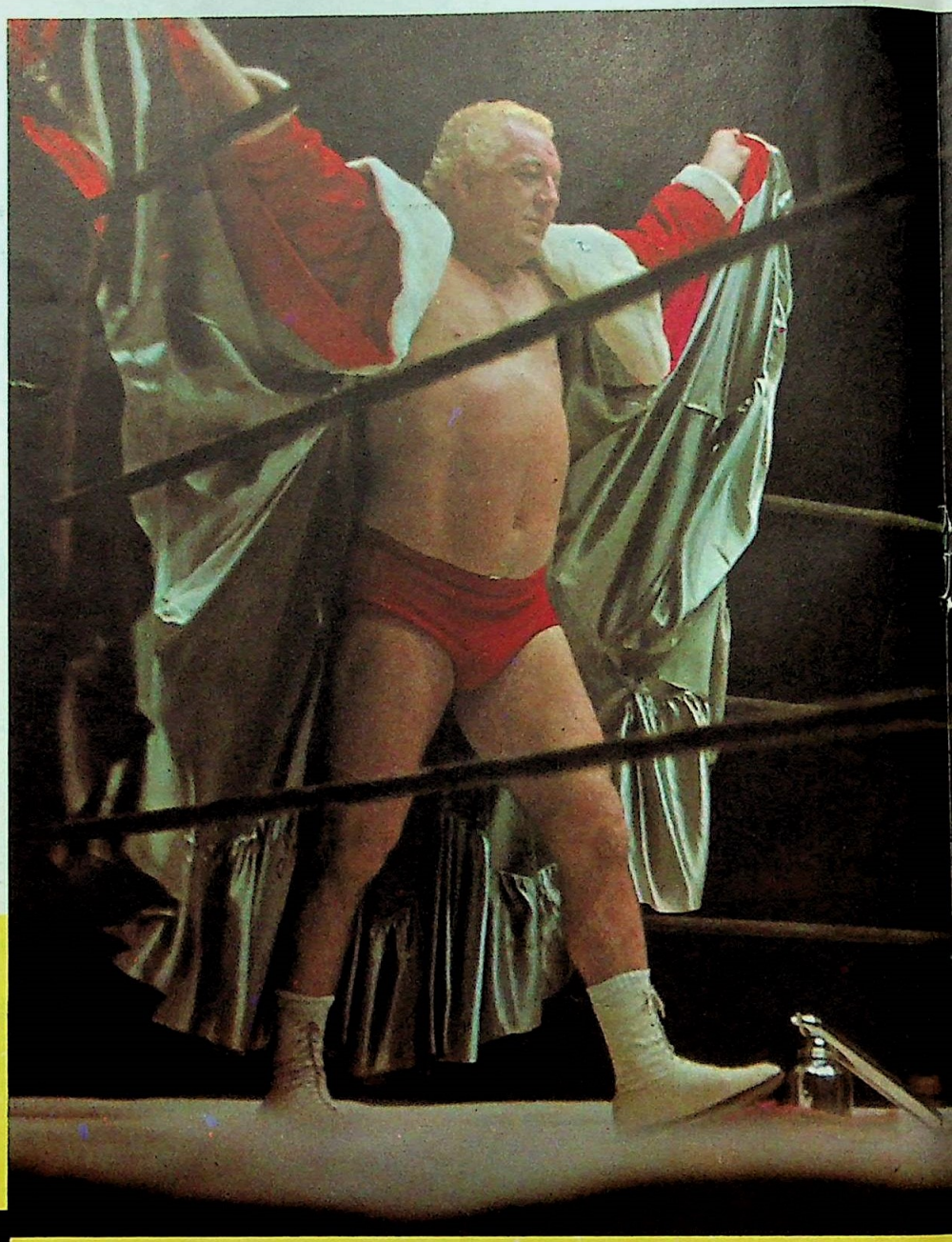
—continued

George's honor. While all this was going on, George was quietly banking up to $250,000 a year.

It's been going on ever since. The writers still haven't changed their typewriter ribbons; crowds are still spellbound by the magic name of Gorgeous George—and George Wagner still deposits his enormous annual take.

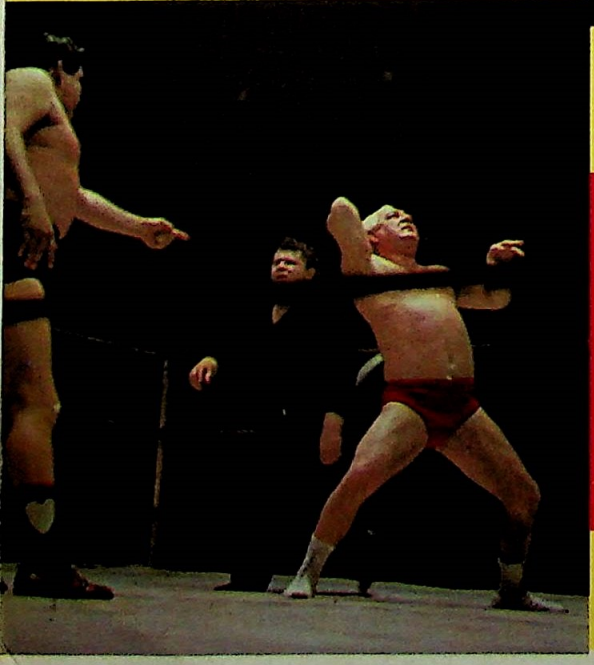
There is a difference, however. Although the Kansas-born farm boy is still a "villain" in the ring, the fans don't hate him. They really never have. They jeered and booed half-heartedly but now there was a genuine note of affection in their hissing. They evidently like the old man.

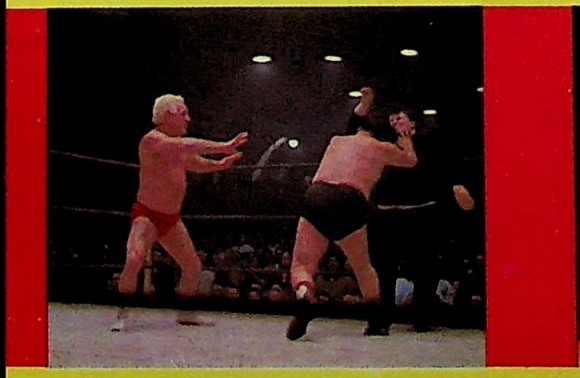
They should. He saved wrestling for them. • *end*



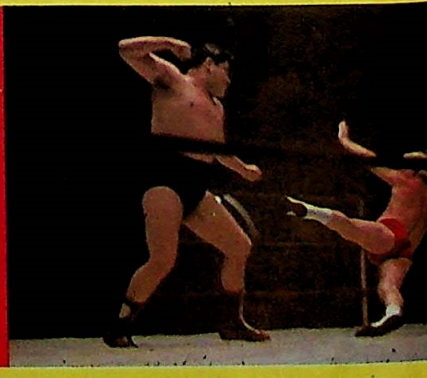
The sight of world famous Gorgeous George entering a ring is a show which in itself is worth the full price of admission. Watching "her master" in awe is beautiful girl

George illustrates to referee George McArthur how Chief Big Heart pulled his hair. "He's a liar," roared the Chief, "a dirty liar. I never touched his stinking hair!"





Enraged Chief Big Heart goes for referee after latter refused to disqualify George.



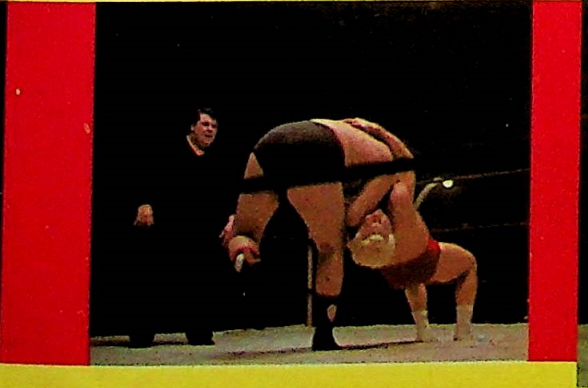
Big Heart punched George and knocked him down, but George charged back.

valet. In 1958 George switched from his male valet to this former actress.

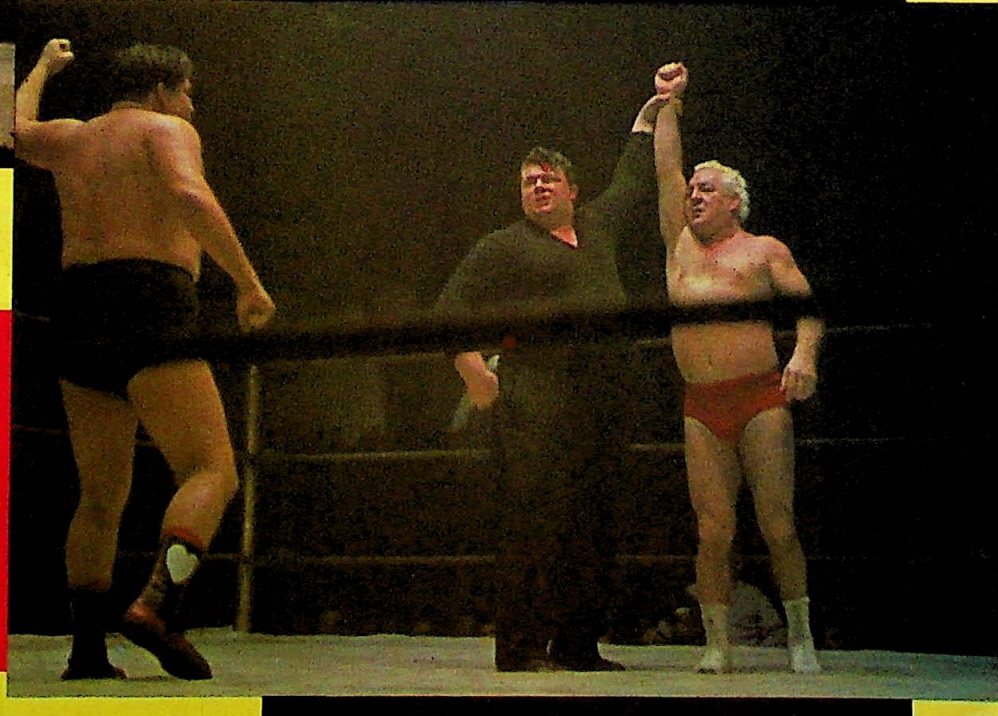
George parades around the ring in his $1000 robe. He prolongs pre-bout routine as long as possible and the crowd loves every minute of it.

HANDS BOBBY PIN TO VALET

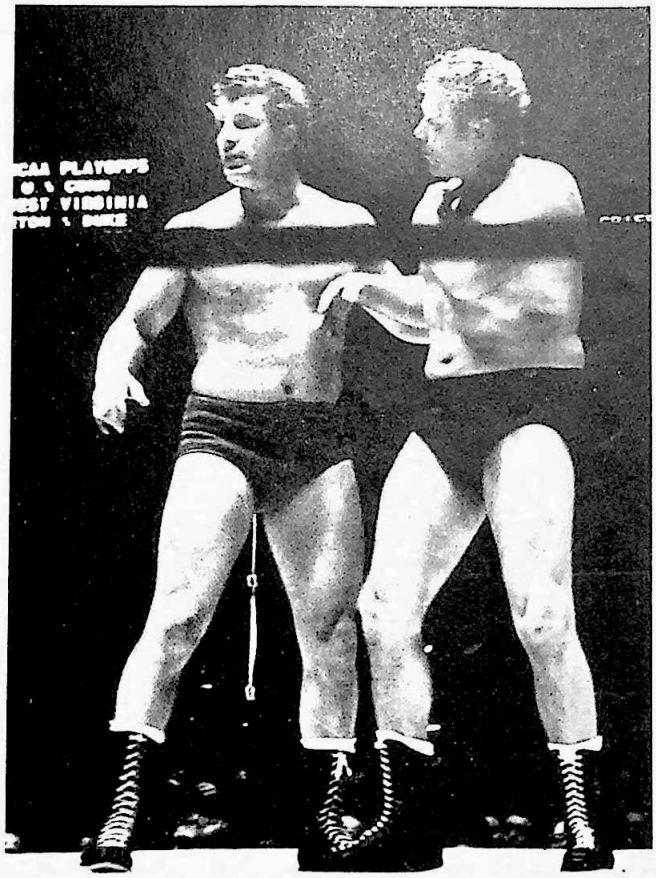
CAUTIONS CROWD FOR BOOING



Bouncing back, George caught The Chief in back drop, flipped him over, pinned him.



Big Heart goes berserk as the referee raises George's hand in victory.



THE BASTINE BROTHERS, RED, LEFT, AND LOU.

BASTINES

(*continued from page* 33)

and was eventually awarded to the Grahams. The Bastines swore revenge — but they couldn't imagine how they'd get it.

Not until the following week in New Haven, Connecticut did the Bastines and the Grahams meet again. Not intentionally — it was just a coincidence of scheduling. Were the Bastines unhappy about it? No. They bided their time.

The red-heads entered the ring first, amid a tremendous ovation. Then came the bleached blackguards. As if to show off their superiority over the younger wrestlers, both both Grahams wore their champion belts, awards they had won fairly and squarely. Now the Bastines, their eyes gleaming, saw their chance. Rushing upon Jerry, first, they ripped off his belt. Then, in the confusion, they attacked Eddie Graham. Laughing and jeering, they rushed around the ring, waving the two belts triumphantly, while the crowd went wild. The deed entrenched them securely in the affections of all New Haven fans. It also set off what may well be the most violent and enduring feud in modern wrestling.

The Bastines bring more than a colorful background to wrestling. They bring the "Atomic Drop," a device that may prove to be as deadly as the Backbreaker and the Knee Drop. The Bastines invented it after a careful study of human anatomy and neurology.

It was their mother who finally brought the brothers together after 13 years of separation. Tired of having her only two children separated in the twilight of her life, she tricked them into meeting her in New York's Edison Hotel on Christmas day of 1959. She recalls that meeting fondly:

"Lou came into the room first. He was so touched at seeing me for the first time in eight years that he actually started to cry. Lou was always a sentimentalist; a boy who never really grew up. He just stood there in my arms without saying a word. Then he pulled out a handkerchief and blew his nose. 'Mother dear,' he said, then he choked up and sat down.

"A few minutes later, my youngest boy, you call him Red, came into the room. He kissed me, asked me how I was, then he glared at Lou. Before I knew what was happening they were threatening each other, calling each other names and then Red said, 'let's go outside.'

"I certainly wasn't going to stand for such nonsense and I put my foot down. I ordered them to stop fighting at once. They obeyed, meekly, then apologized.

"We talked for hours in that room and then I suggested that since they both were earning nice livings as wrestlers, wouldn't it be a fine thing if they joined into a team. I know very little about wrestling except that it is a business I wish my sons weren't in, and that they have matches between what they call tag teams."

The heavy-set woman smiled as she continued. "At first they resented the idea of teaming-up. But I kept pressing the point, making suggestions and telling them that blood is thicker than water and that nothing but success could possibly come from such a union. When they finally shook hands and agreed to try, I thanked God, under my breath. My dream had come true after all these years. My boys were back together again."

Most observers are amazed at how quickly the Bastines have learned to work so smoothly together as a team. The answer was given to WRESTLING REVUE by idea man Lou:

"Remember how Joe Louis was knocked off by Max Schmeling in their first fight, and how Schmeling solved Louis by studying the films of his fights? Well, we did the same thing. No, we didn't study the Louis films, stupid — we studied the film clips of our opponents! If we couldn't get them from the TV studios, we had a cameraman take special films for us at the arenas. Sure, it cost us a fortune, but it was worth it."

To this fact, a number of mat tough guys will admit. Notably Skull Murphy, who said: "When those Bastines put that Atomic Drop on me, I felt like a headful of hair had suddenly sprouted on my head!"

And Johnny Valentine, from whom the Bastines once saved announcer Lonnie Starr. Valentine, incensed at something Lonnie had said about him over the air, rushed down the aisle and grabbed Starr in a stranglehold. As Lonnie's eyes started to pop, both Bastines grabbed Valentine and almost dis-armed him. "No other two guys in the world would have pulled me off that guy," says Valentine, "— But I'll get even with those Bastines, someday!"

He has his work cut out for him. Because the newest and most dynamic tag team in the U.S. is going to keep on improving. At the moment, that $1000 challenge has grown to $2000 — and it's going up and up.

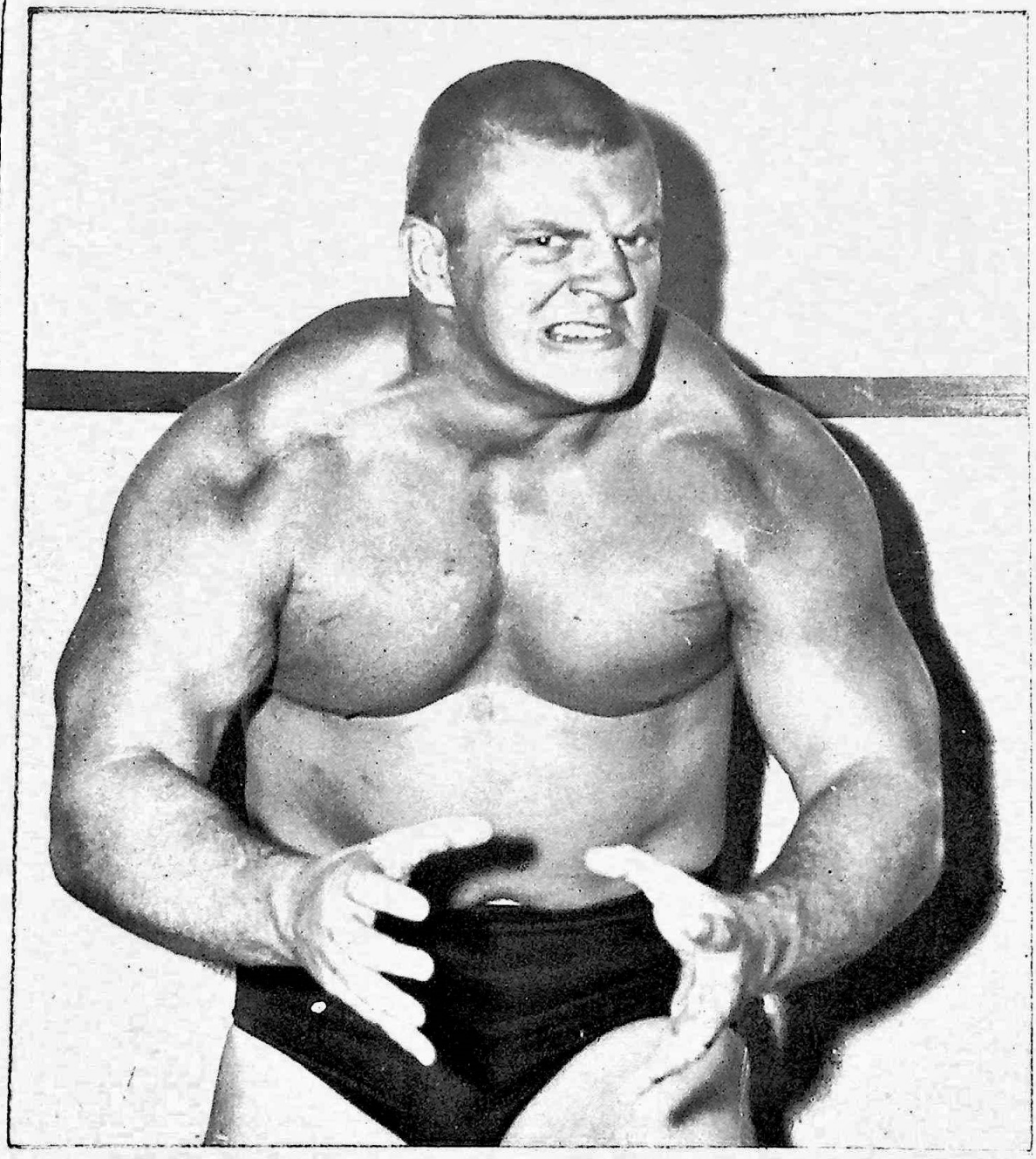
So are the Bastines. • *end*

Autograph Album

WRESTLING REVUE MAGAZINE SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT

PROPERTY OF

SIGNATURE .....



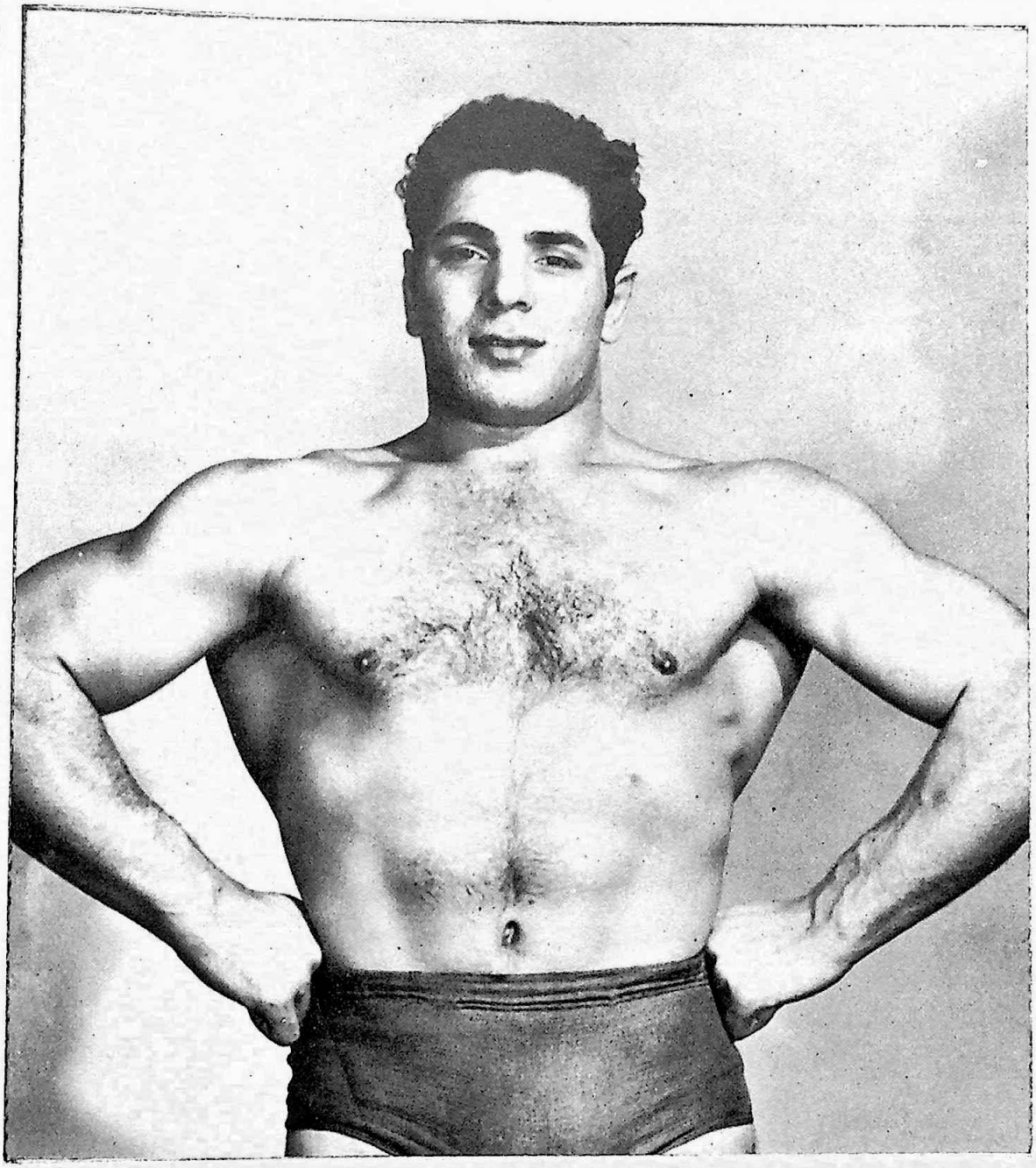
DICK
"The Bruiser"
AFFLIS

FOR AUTOGRAPH

To: .....

From: .....

WRESTLER'S SIGNATURE



ILIO DI PAOLO

FOR AUTOGRAPH

To: .....

From: .....

WRESTLER'S SIGNATURE

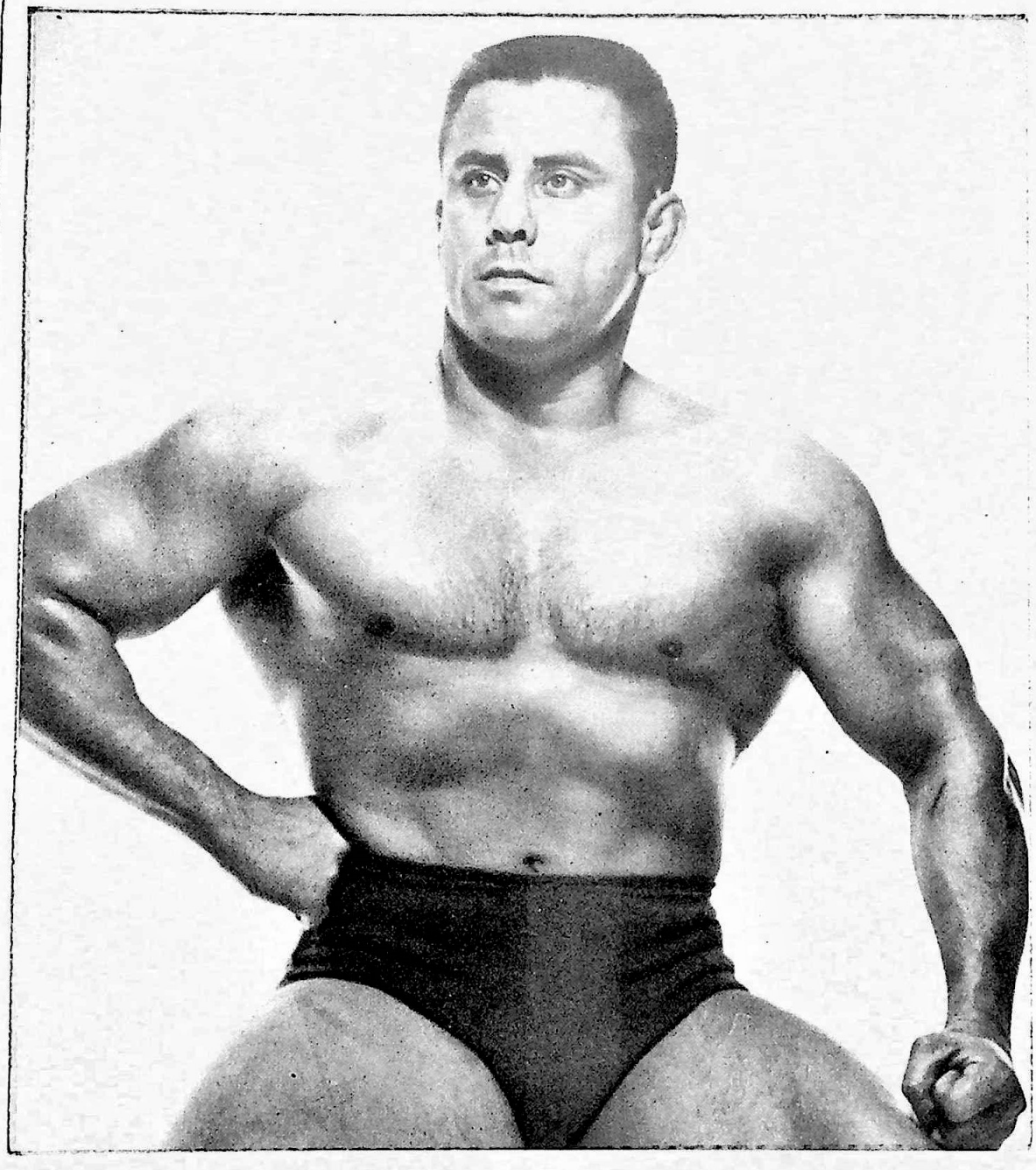
DON EAGLE

FOR AUTOGRAPH

To: .....

From: .....

WRESTLER'S SIGNATURE



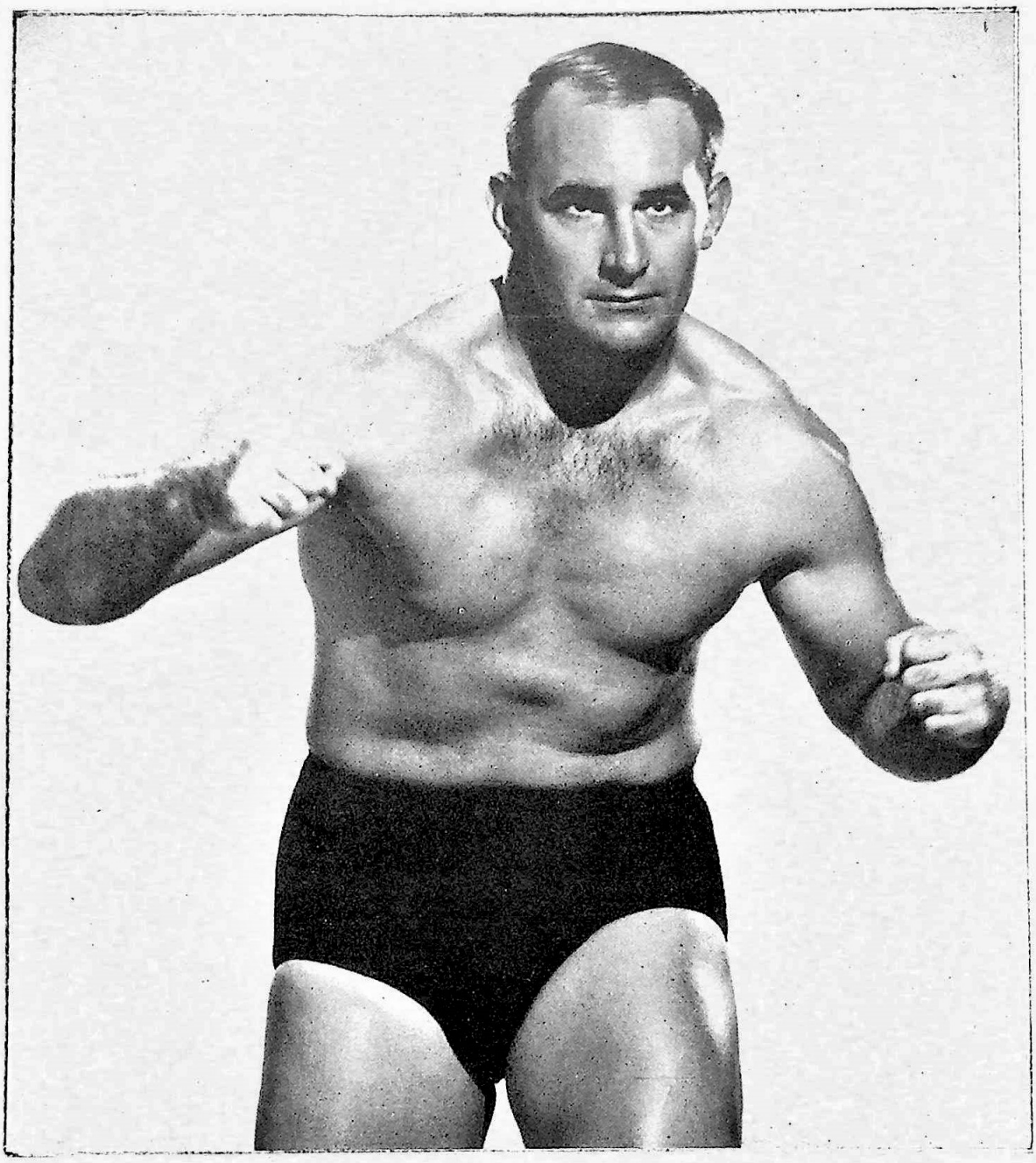
PEPPER GOMEZ

FOR AUTOGRAPH

To: .....

From: .....

WRESTLER'S SIGNATURE



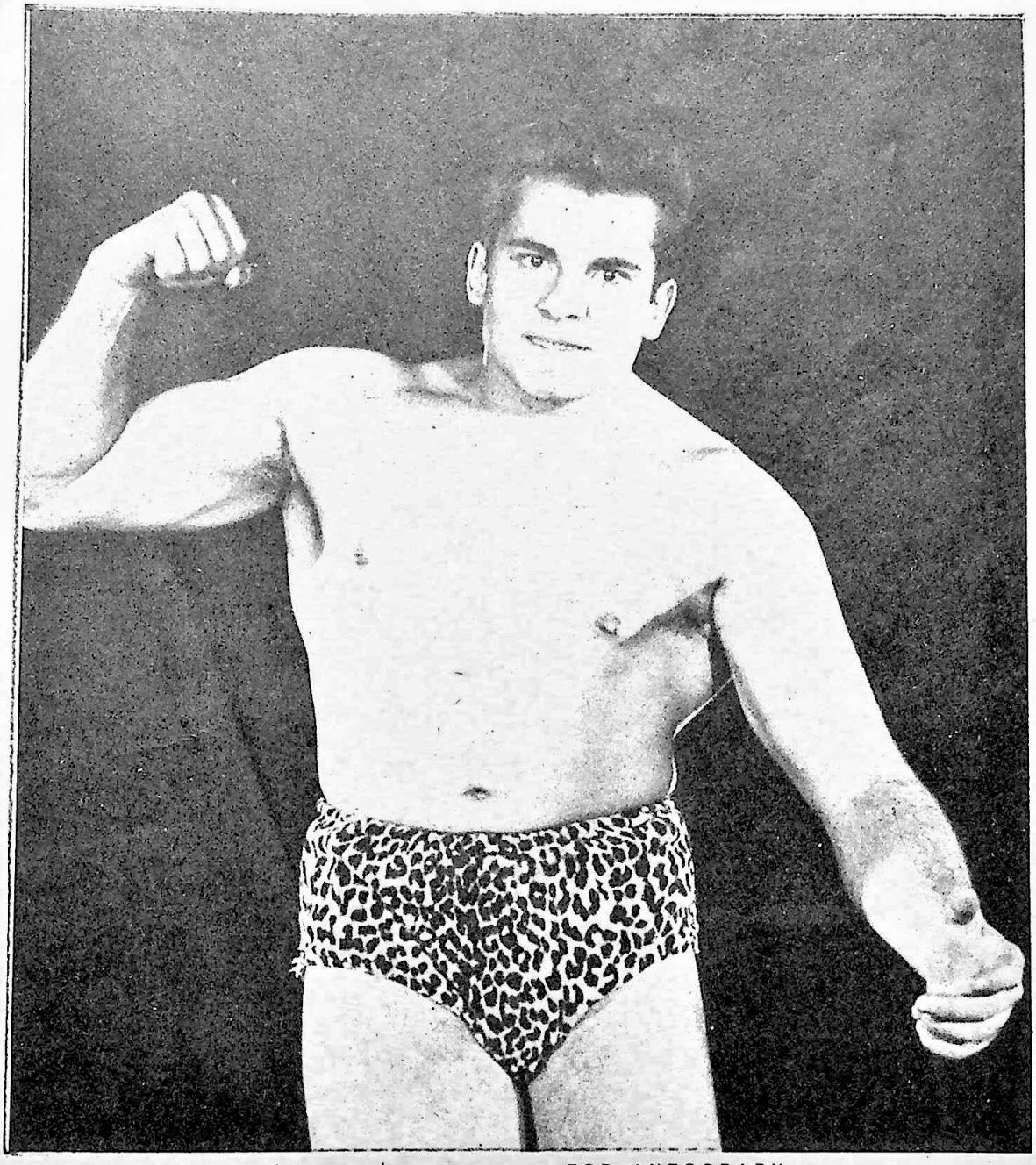
ROGER MACKAY

FOR AUTOGRAPH

To: .....

From: .....

WRESTLER'S SIGNATURE



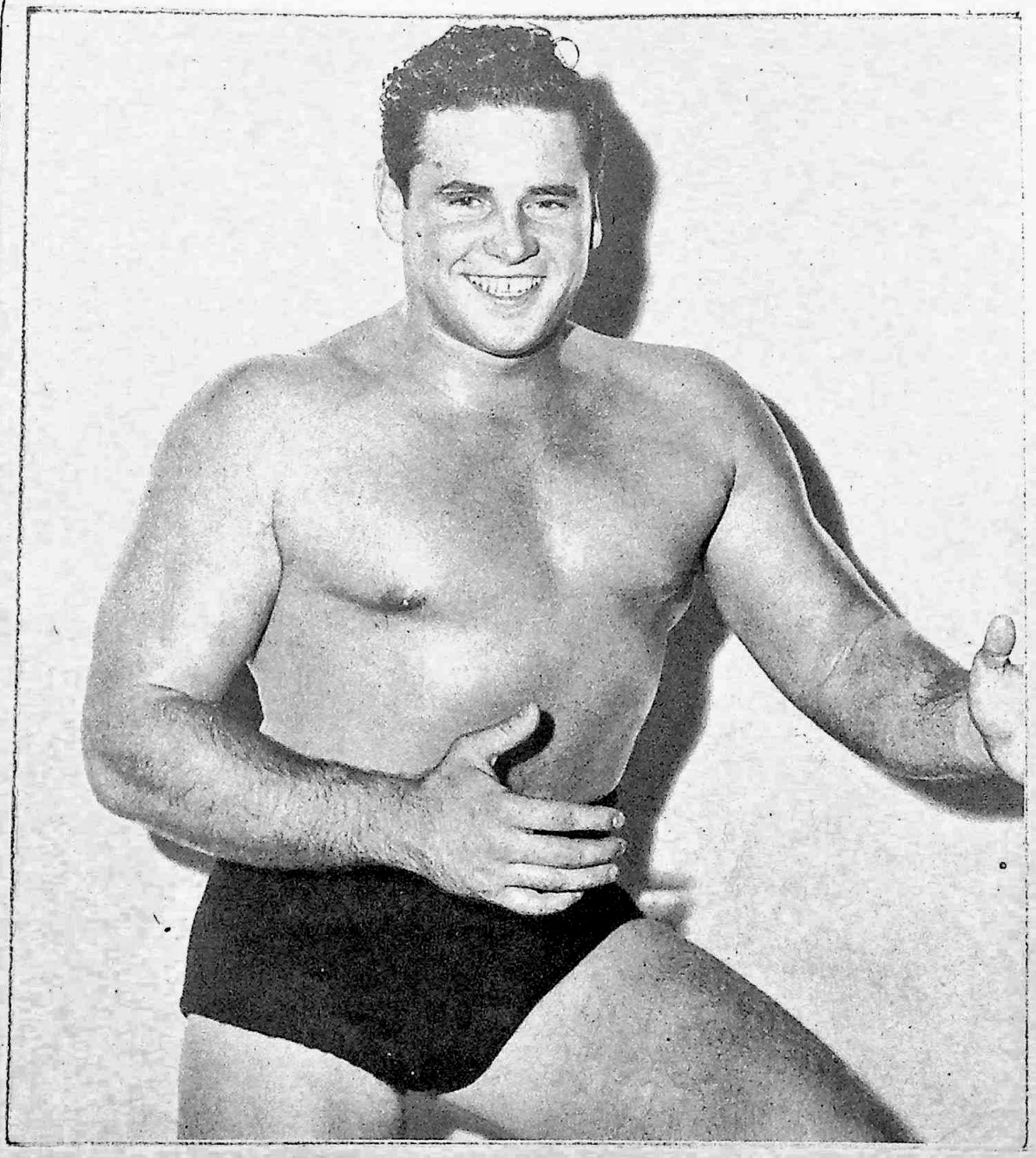
GENE DUBUQUE

FOR AUTOGRAPH

To: .....

From: .....

WRESTLER'S SIGNATURE



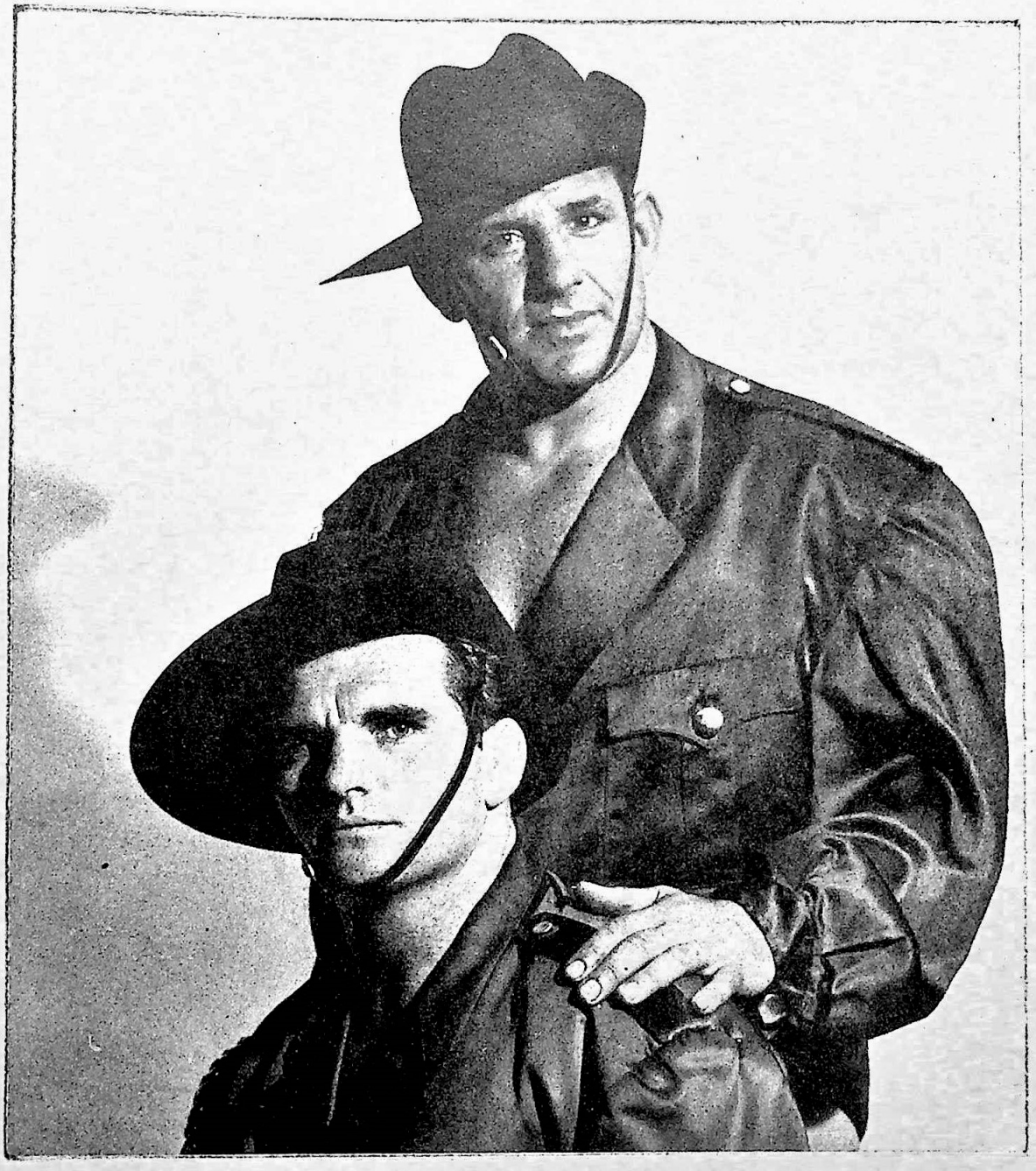
JOHNNY BAREND

FOR AUTOGRAPH

To: .....

From: .....

WRESTLER'S SIGNATURE



The Fabulous KANGAROOS

ROY HEFFERNAN,
FOREGROUND,
AND AL COSTELLO

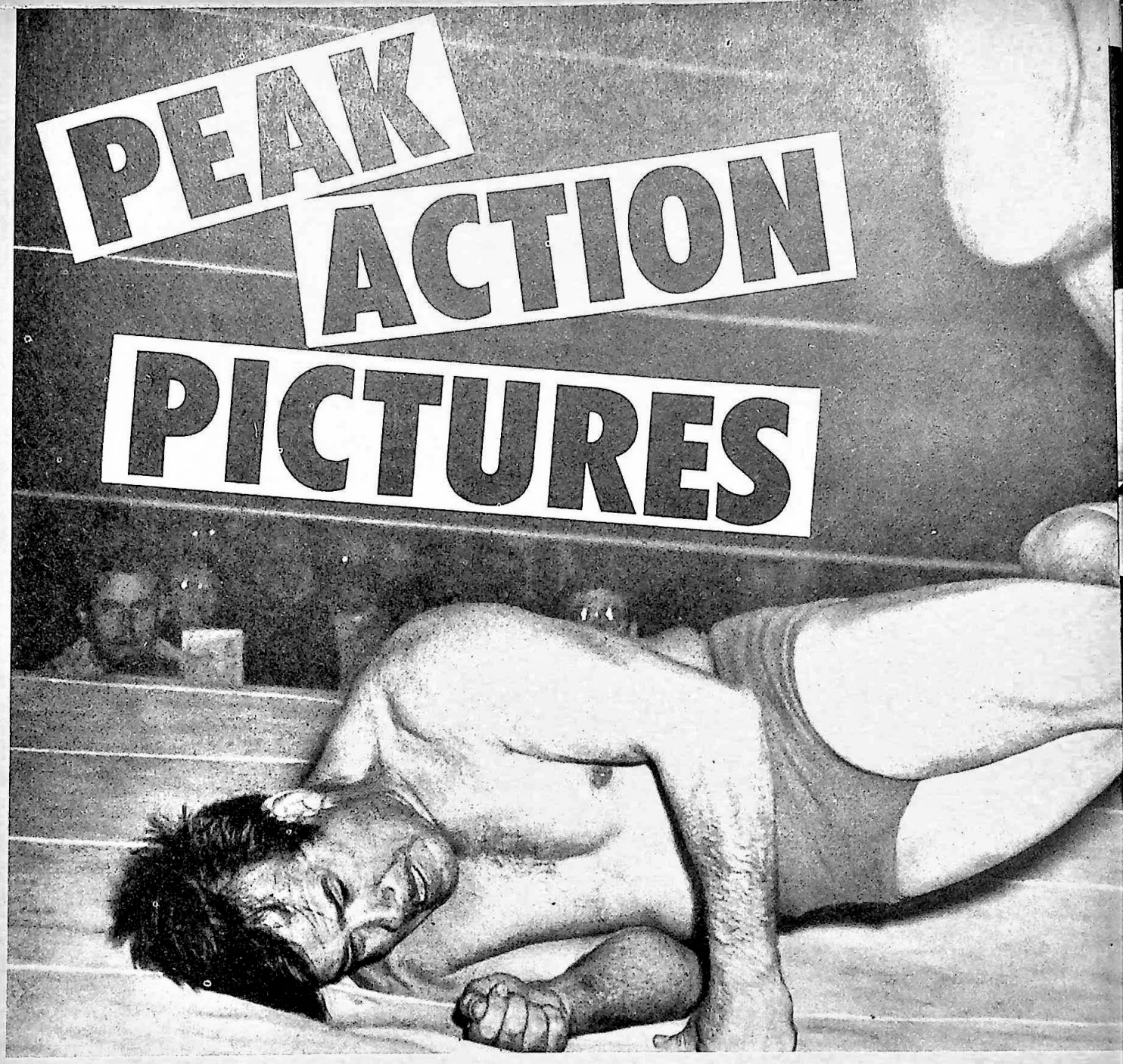
FOR AUTOGRAPH

To: .....

From: .....

WRESTLER'S SIGNATURE

PEAK ACTION PICTURES



PROFESSIONAL WRESTLING is one sport where a close-up seat is not especially desired — not unless you want blood smeared on your clothes or a snarling 250-pounder dumped into your lap.

Blood, sweat, tears and jeers: it's all part of the world's most spectacular sport. From Bangor to Buena Park, from Butte to to Beaumont, from Paris to Helsinki a dazzling array of bleached blonds, ex-weight-lifters and snorting villains play to millions of wild-cheering fans night after night.

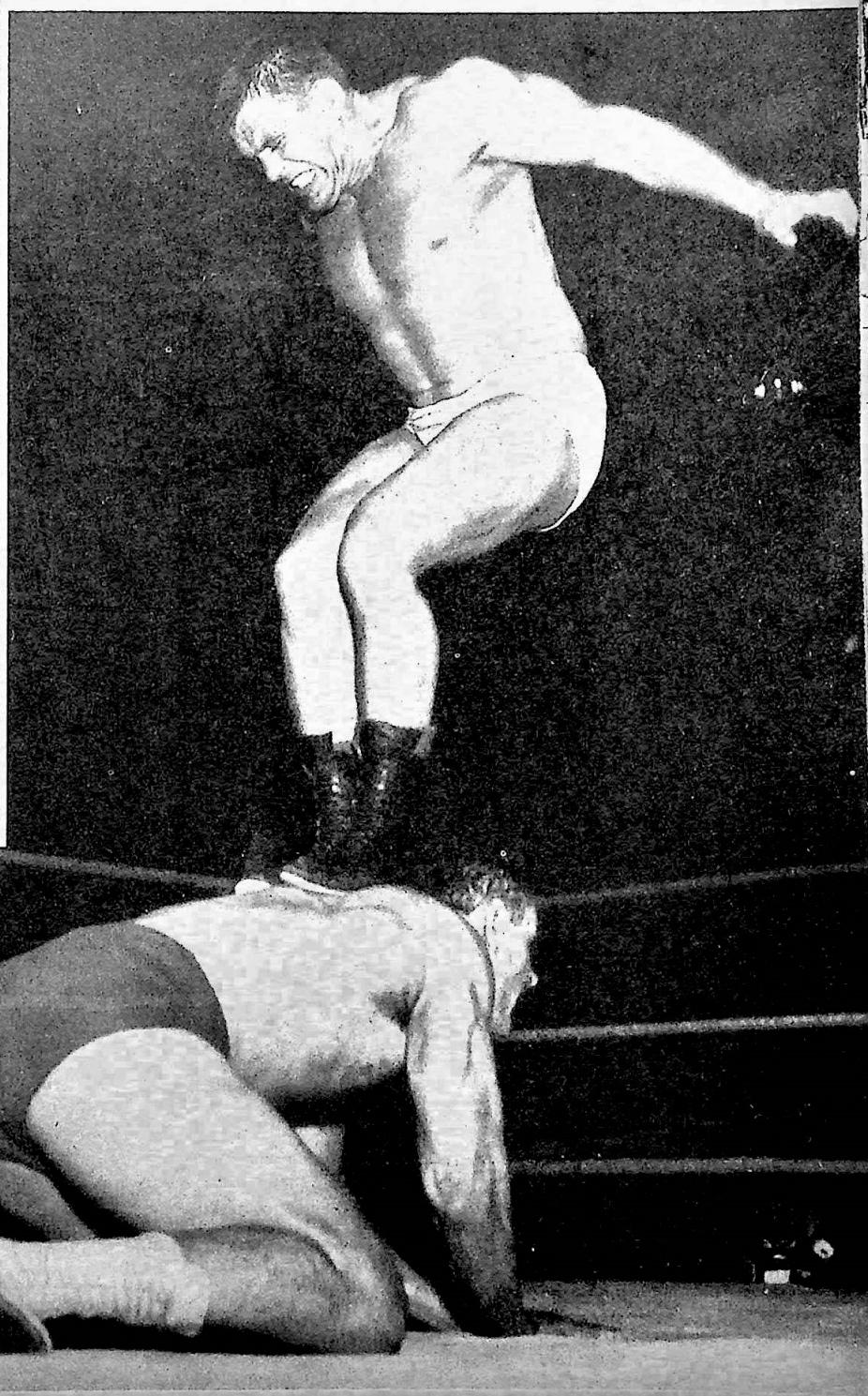
They come for a million and one reasons. But they *all* come to see the vile villains get the slaughterhouse treatment from the dashing heroes. This universal urge to scream with frenzied delight at the brutal spectacles in wrestling rings has long been a favorite topic of debate for psychologists the world over. Said one New York psychologist recently: "Sure, people get violent in hospital wards, but don't ask me why arenas across the country are filled with thousands of normal people who scream at the sight of men pounding, kicking and gouging each other's eyes out. I simply have no explanation."

If ever the marriage of sport and showmanship reached a zenith it is in professional wrestling. And as in every marriage some must wear the pants, and if showmanship sometimes gains dominance over straight wrestling it is because it makes for a better marriage.

WRESTLING REVUE culled its files of ringside photos and came up with these peak action pictures.

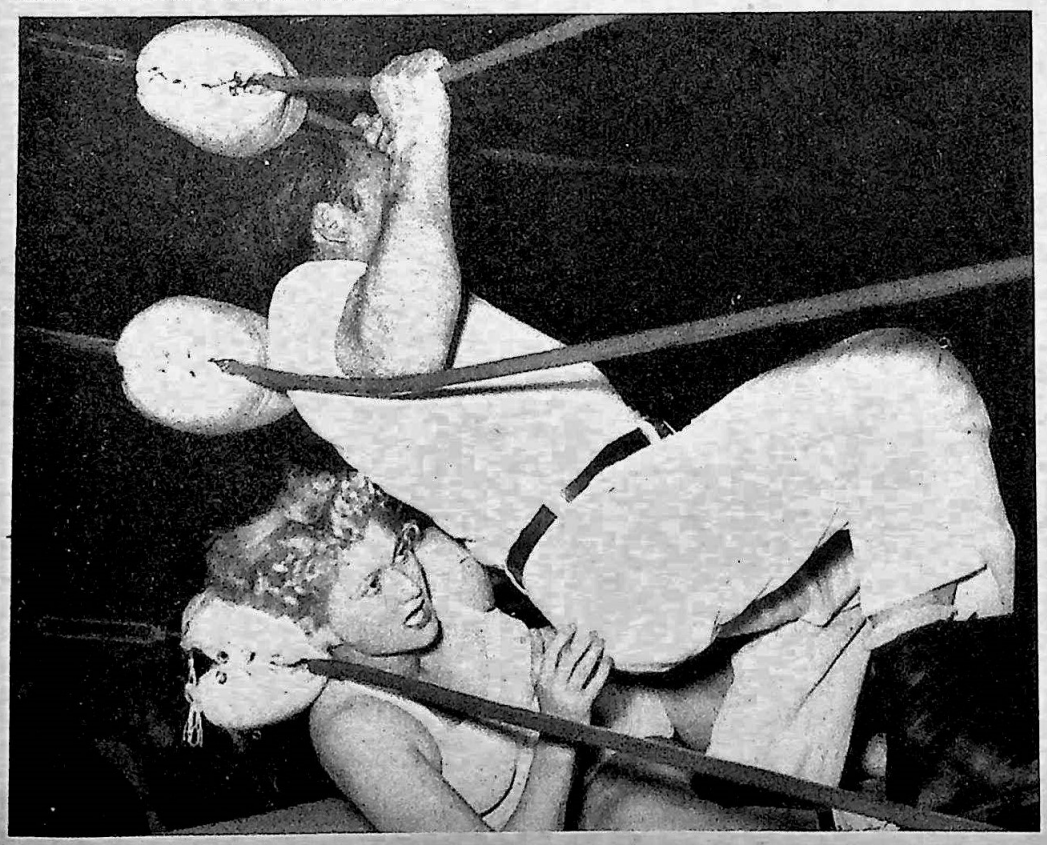
The wrestling photographer's job is a dangerous one. We haven't yet determined how many photographers noses or cameras were broken in the line of duty.

Mexico's sensational Gory Guerrero performs unbelievable feat as he uses his legs alone to spin big Ray Gordon in mid-air as if he were a child. Guerrero won match in 24 minutes.



The bitter fued between two of wrestling's greatest stars again flared recently in a furious bout in Montreal. Here France's Edouard Carpentier is about to execute spectacular back flip off Killer Kowalski's back. Bout ended in a draw.

See next page →



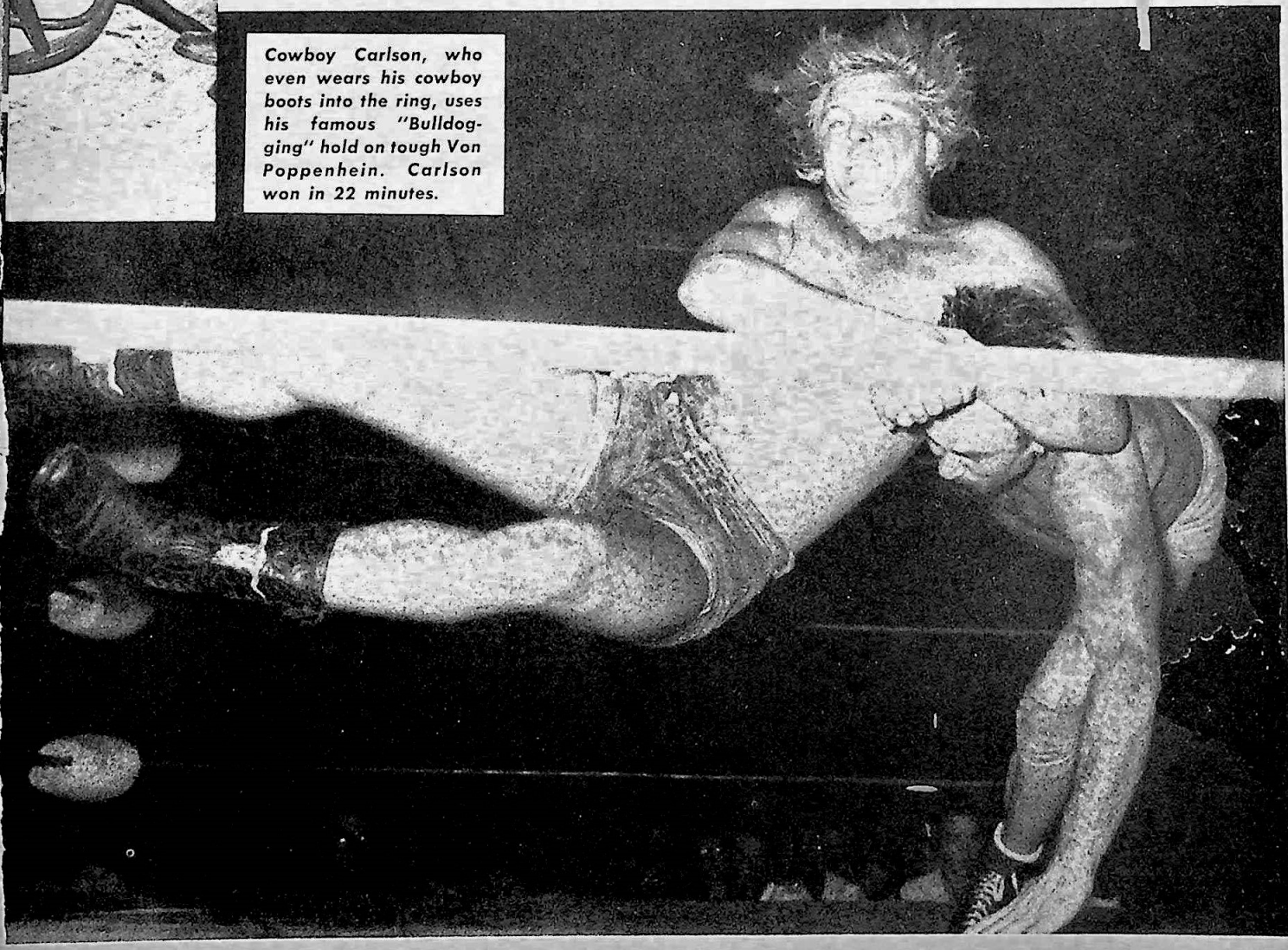
PEAK ACTION PICTURES

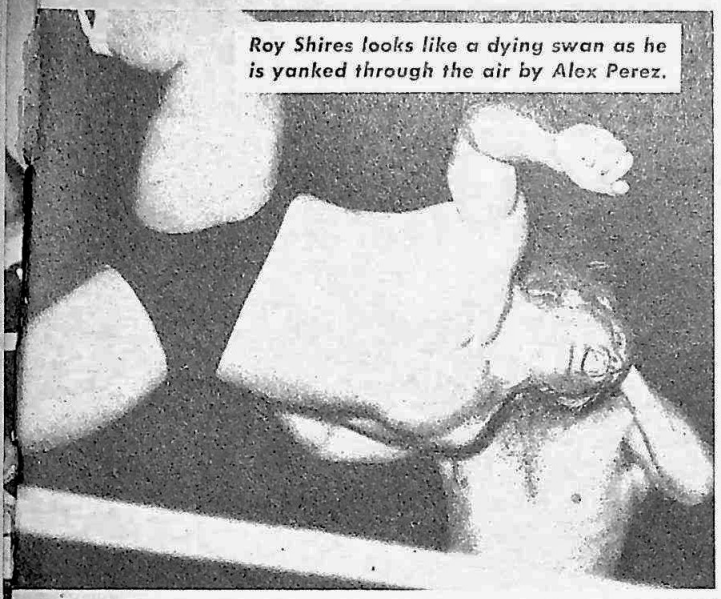
Sometimes the life of a mat referee can be most enjoyable. Referee Leo Newman, for example, will never forget the night he landed, accidentally, of course, on lovely Dot Dotson.

After being disqualified in a recent bout in Canada, massive Dick The Bruiser went berserk. He tore loose the ring ropes then leaped into the crowd and started tearing up the arena. The police finally carted him off to jail.

Alex Perez, an extremely popular wrestler all over the South, tries to climb back into ring as a five inch cut on his head gushes blood. He lost to villain Ripper Leone.

Cowboy Carlson, who even wears his cowboy boots into the ring, uses his famous "Bulldogging" hold on tough Von Poppenhein. Carlson won in 22 minutes.



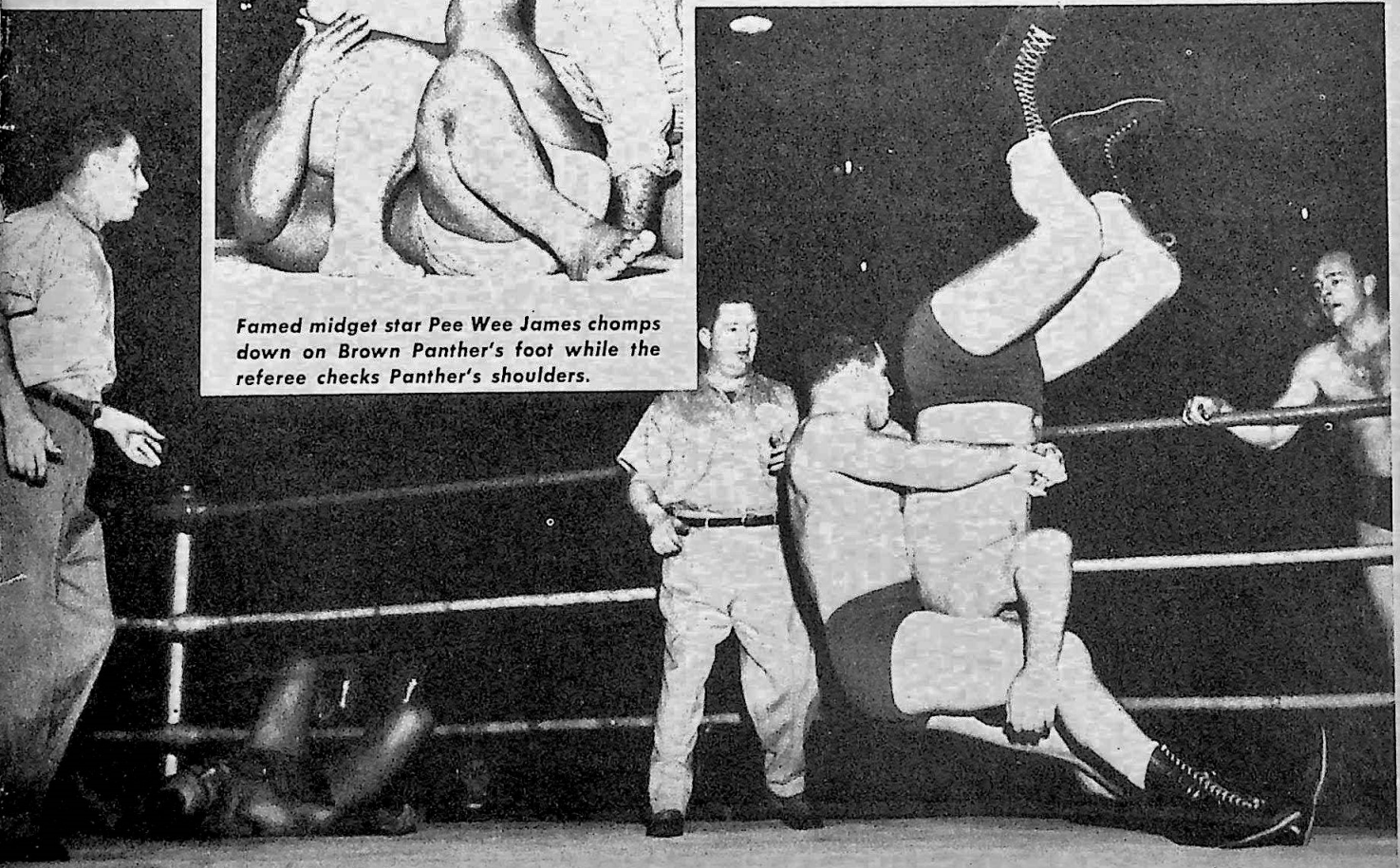


Roy Shires looks like a dying swan as he is yanked through the air by Alex Perez.

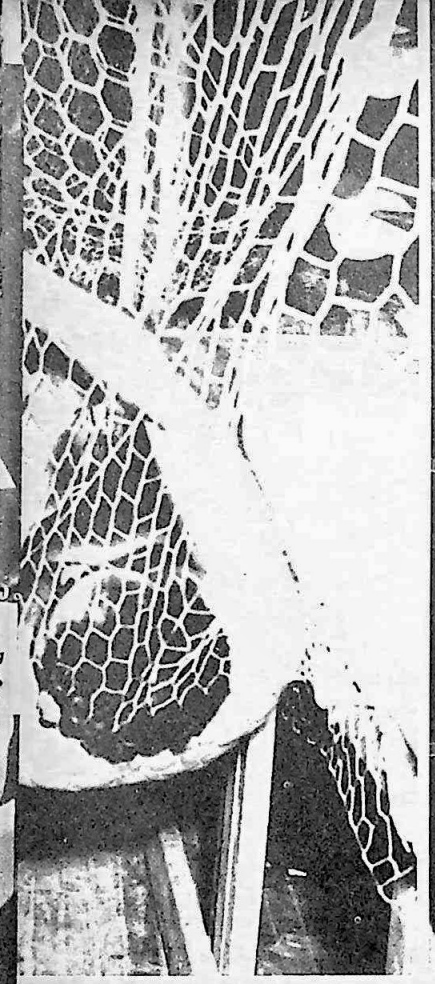
Because Bull Curry was making a habit of leaping out of the ring when the going got too rough, a Texas promoter enclosed the ring

PEAK ACTION PICTURES

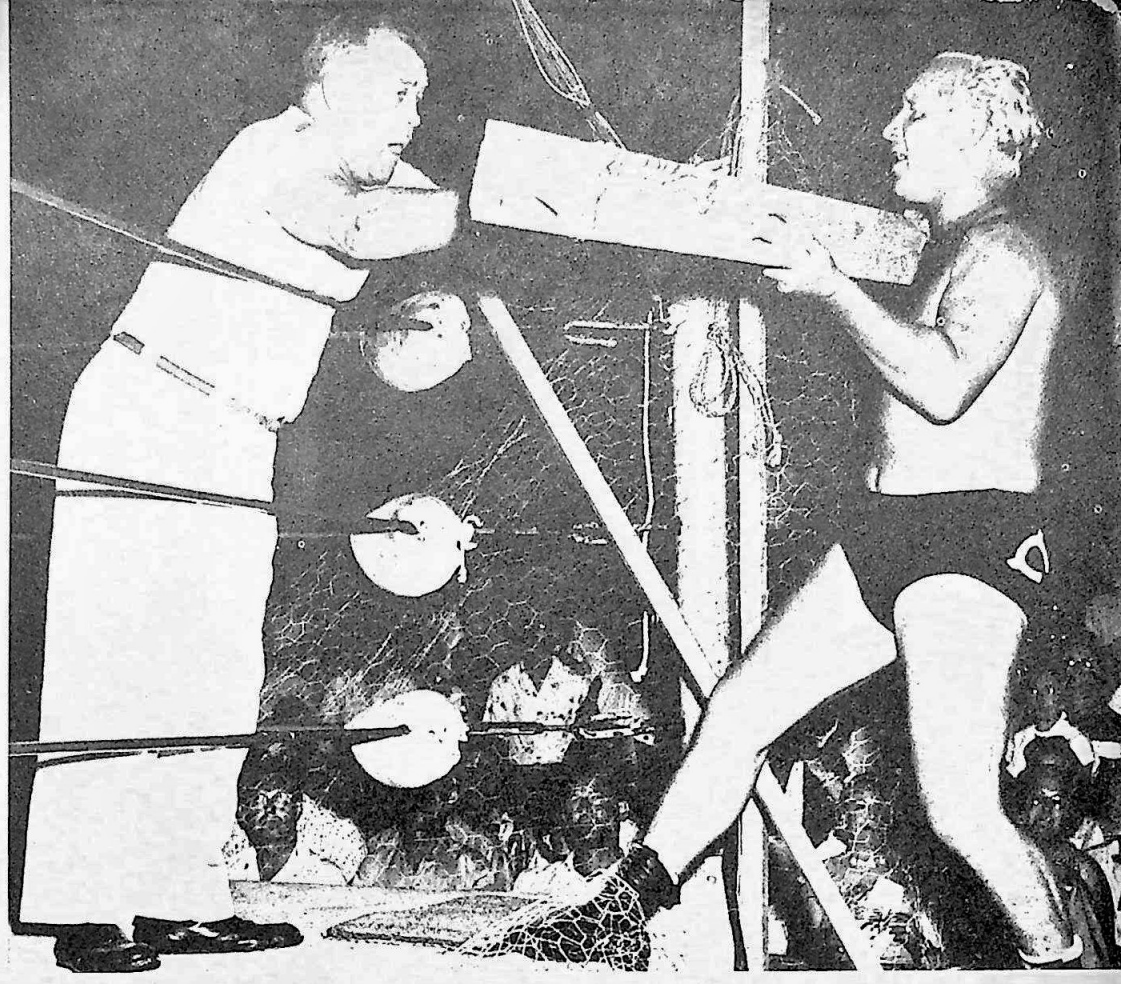
Famed midget star Pee Wee James chomps down on Brown Panther's foot while the referee checks Panther's shoulders.



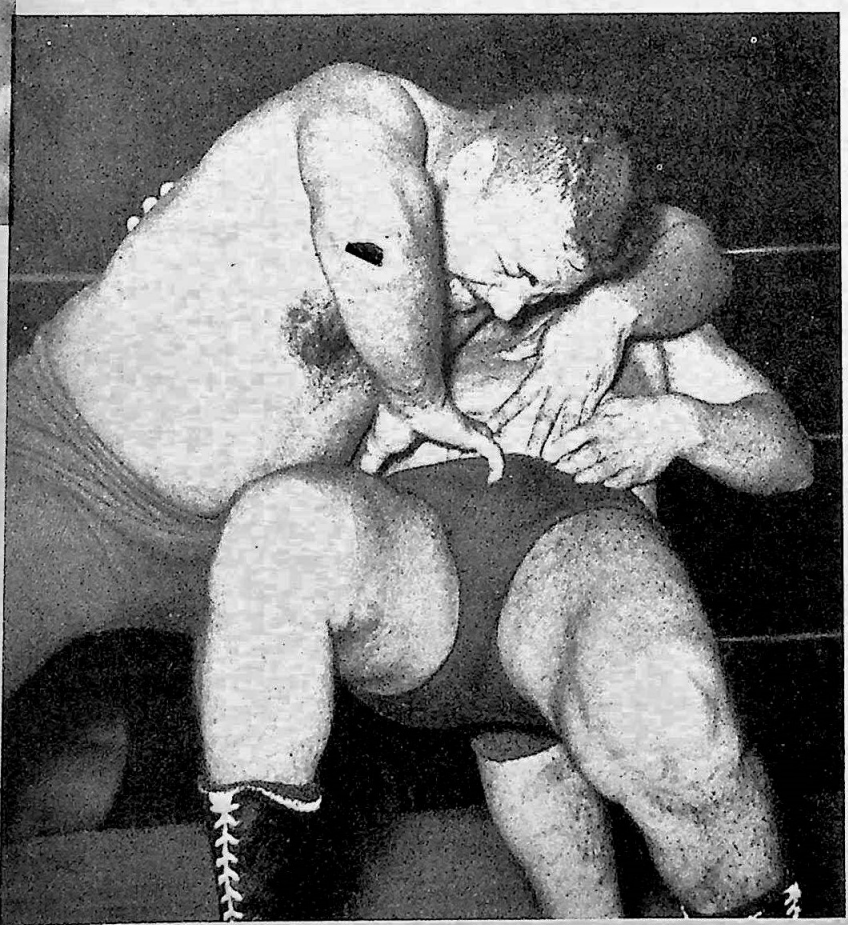
Big Gene Kiniski's head is about to be bashed into the canvas by Pat O'Connor as Pat's team partner, Verne Gagne, outside ring at right, looks on. Kiniski's partner, Killer Kowalski, is on mat at left. O'Connor's team won.



with a net. Curry, however, stil tried to get out. He never made it.



Dory Funk, Curry's opponent, became so enraged at Bull's shenanigans that he ripped up a ring step and with the nails jutting out, went after the Bull.

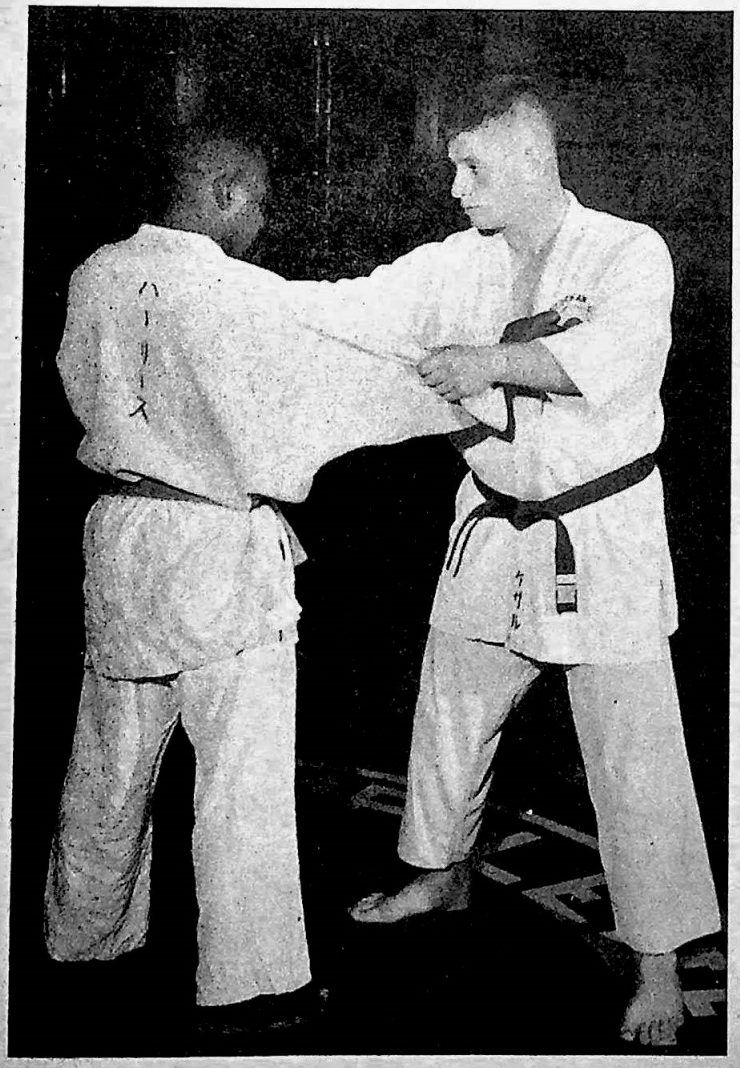


You'd never guess that Tokyo Joe was searching for a certain nerve under Ray Gunkel's trunks on which to apply a judo hold.

The Great Togo is jammed down on Sonny Myers' outstretched knee during bout won by Myers.

By JOSEPH VINCENT CASALE,
First Lieutenant, United States Marine Corps.
Holder of First Degree Black Belt;
Kodokan Institute of Judo, Tokyo, Japan

The Fine Art Of JUDO



The author, right, and opponent jockey for an opening advantage. Notice position of legs and the loose hanging judo jackets.

One who has devoted his life to the mastery of this complex and mysterious sport reveals some of its inner secrets and explains how you, too, can learn Judo

I'M SURE THAT YOU'VE READ something like this in the papers: "Woman Judo Expert Foils Attacker." It has never ceased to amaze me how supposedly intelligent people throw the word "expert" around like last year's Christmas tree. Invariably the headline writer is one of those nice looking college grads who spends his off hours in the library and never suffered a bloody nose in his life. But perhaps it isn't his fault entirely, since Judo is the most misunderstood sport in America.

Go down to your favorite bar and ask someone about Judo; you'll see what I mean. The guy will probably take a sip of beer and then proceed to tell you that he once heard about some mysterious tricks that can enable a flea to make hamburger out of an elephant. Of course the whole idea is ridiculous. Let me first set the record straight about Judo.

WHAT IS IT? Judo is the art of defending yourself, without weapons, against one who is either armed or un-

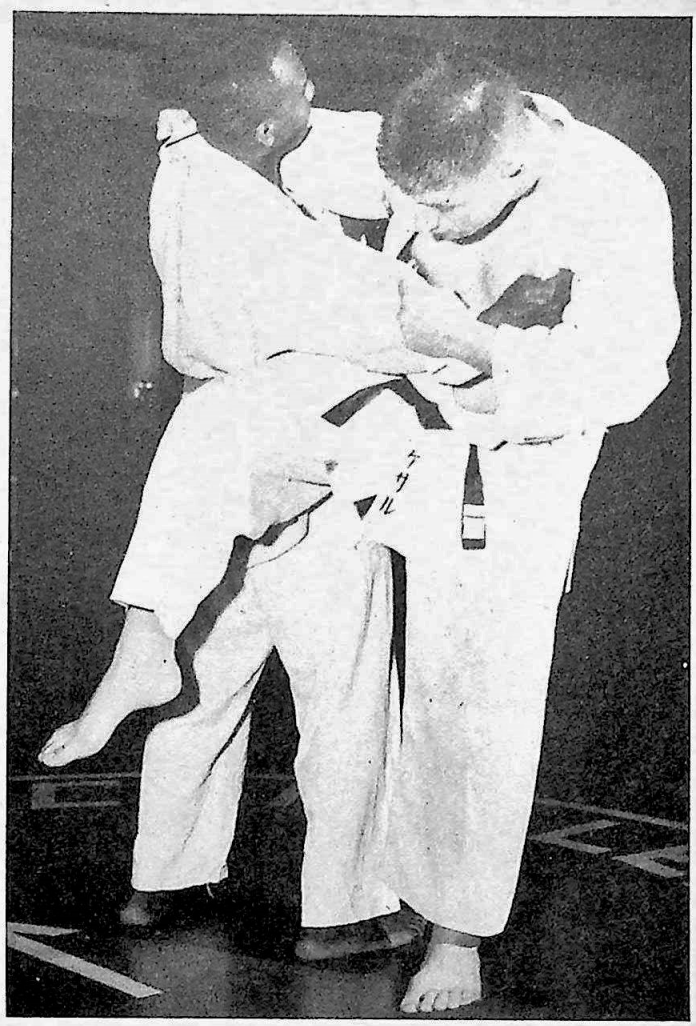
armed. Those who engage in its practice are called JUDOKA, and translated literally, Judo means: The Gentle Way.

In Judo one does not win through the use of strength. On the contrary, you *oppose* strength with gentleness, and you meet brute force by actually *yielding* to it. For example, if I were to tangle with some big ape who makes me look like a boy by comparison, I would be a fool to stand there and try to slug it out with him toe to toe. For the purposes of illustration let us suppose that his strength is represented by ten units and mine by only seven. If I pushed him and he pushed back I would immediately be knocked right on my upholstery. But suppose when he reached out to push me I stepped back quickly, keeping my balance, and I tapped him on some part of his body making him lose his balance. At that instant we can correctly say that his strength has been reduced by one half, or to five units. The reason is that his lack of balance has caused him to be able to use only *half* his power. If I attack him now, still retaining my full seven units of strength, I can throw him easily. This is the very important principle of balance and equilibrium, which is the basic principle of Judo. Remember that Judo strives constantly for Maximum Efficiency with Minimum Effort and Mutual Benefit. These guiding principles were conceived by Professor Jigoro Kano, the founder of Judo.

THE ORIGIN OF JUDO: Professor Kano started his first school in 1882 at Eishoji Temple in Japan. He did it to satisfy his own desires after first taking up the ancient sport of Ju-Jitsu and discovering that he was not suited physically for it. Kano was a frail man who could not compete against bigger, stronger and tougher opponents in rough and tumble Ju-Jitsu tactics.

After making an intense study of Ju-Jitsu, Sumo and European-style wrestling, Professor Kano developed a much smoother and more refined system of a self-defense sport which he called Judo.

The Professor was a highly educated man, having graduated from Tokyo's Imperial University in 1881 where he received degrees in literature and political science. He held high positions of prominence in the Japanese educational system, but his all consuming passion was the practice and advancement of Judo.



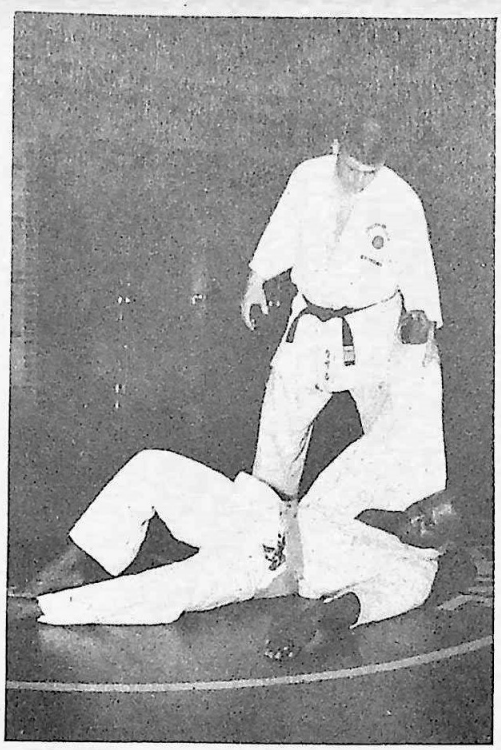
Stepping in and breaking opponent's balance by jerking his shoulders and striking behind his leg.

THE PRACTICE OF JUDO: Judo is divided into three main parts, and for the purpose of simplicity I will spare you the maze of tongue-twisting Japanese terms and give it to you in straight English. The three segments are: a) The art of throwing. b) The art of grappling. c) The art of striking, or kicking vital parts of the anatomy.

There are, of course, various other categories within these three main segments. For instance, we have the leg throws, hip throws and hand throws, not to mention the sacrifice throws, which are favorites of the movie stunt men. Under grappling we have in addition to the standard holds, similar to those used in straight wrestling, choking, which is perfectly legal in Judo. The striking and kicking phase is self-explanatory and boils down to *scientific* dirty fighting. This phase is not practiced in *Sport* Judo, and is taught only to those students who the instructor is certain will not use this very dangerous knowledge unwisely.

One of the most effective leg throws is the Major Outer Reaping Throw. Most probably when you were a youngster and had your first street fight, the boy you were battling tried to kick your leg out from behind you. In principle, that is exactly what we are talking about, except that in Judo we refine it with regard to points of balance and strength (figs. 1-2-3).

One of Hollywood's favorites is the Shoulder Throw, which is classified as a "hand technique." You have seen this maneuver often in the movies. The villain attacks the hero with a pipe or club and, quick as a flash, the hero grabs his assailant's arm, spins underneath, and flips him high over his shoulder. But very few Hollywood stuntment have



Opponent is flipped over on his back with a sudden twist of his arm. He is now wide open to any follow-up move.

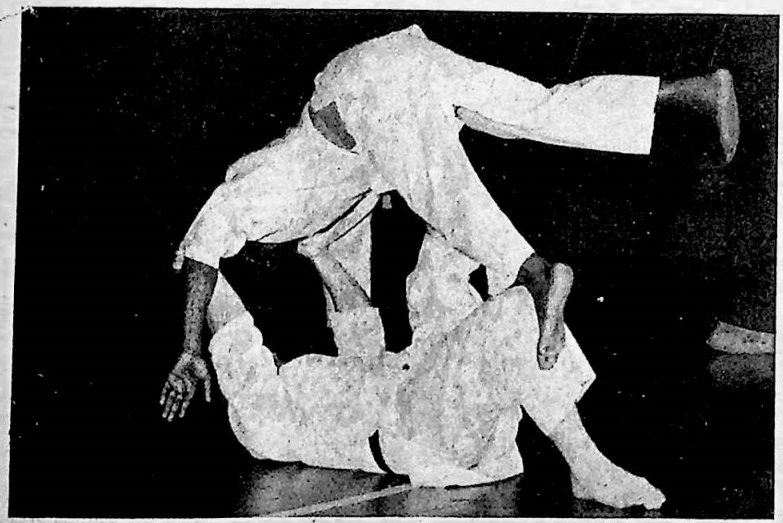
By catching his arm just above wrist opponent's blow is blocked. He is now in position for a variety of holds.

good Judo form, even though the stock moves they use are simple and easy to master. In an actual contest, where your opponent is constantly trying to anticipate your next move, what looks so easy in the movies can, in reality, turn into a dangerous situation for you (figs. 4-5-6).

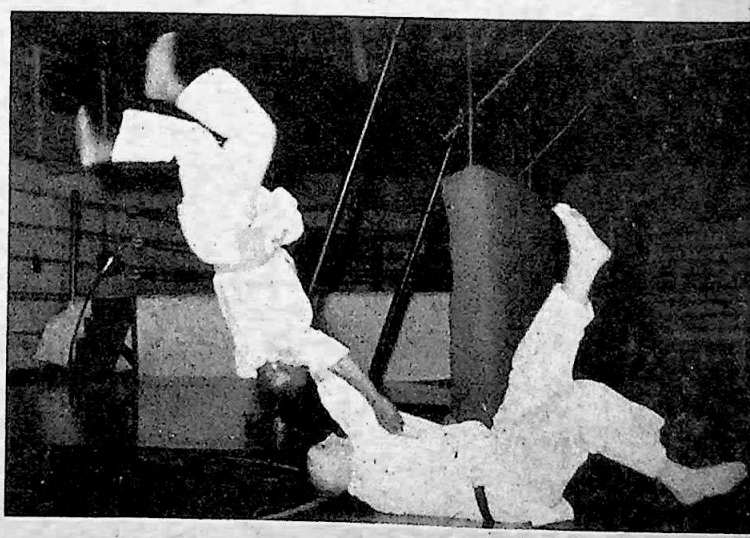
Hip Throws aren't seen very often in the movies, but yet they have a place all their own in the gaudy world of fantasy. Where? Why, in those "Learn To Defend Yourself" advertisements, of course; the kind you see in comic books and Men's Magazines. Those ads promise you everything including, in some instances, the Heavyweight Championship of the World. When you stop to think about it for a moment it is obvious how absurd the whole thing really is. This type advertisement usually pictures a well-dressed gentleman being attacked by an unkempt bully. But our gentleman, with effortless grace, suddenly slides his hip into position and without so much as a wrinkle in his fine Italian silk suit, sends the bully flying first high into the air and then flat on his back.

What this ad is actually trying to illustrate is the Major Hip Throw, which is one of the first moves a Judo student is taught because it is the most basic of all moves (figs. 10-11). But if you're smart you will not try it in an actual sport contest since it is too easy to counter and is not as effective as are other hip throws.

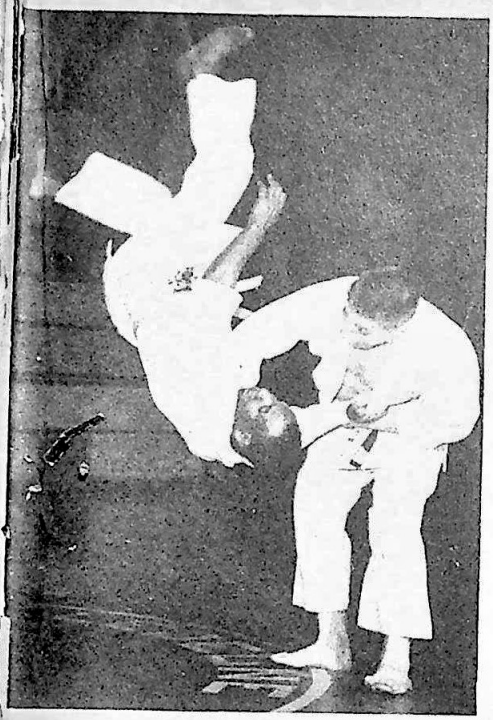
The all-time Hollywood favorite is the Stomach Throw, used to perfection by Jimmy Cagney in disposing of evil Jack LaRue types. Cagney is rushed by the tough guy. But Jimmy drops to the ground at the man's feet, grabs him, shoves his feet into the guy's gut and catapults him high over some conveniently located prop table. One thing I must admit about Jimmy Cagney, however, he has seriously studied Judo in one of the finest California schools, and I have been told that before injuring his back while making a film, Cagney practiced religiously everyday and had mas-



Grabbing opponent by lapels of his jacket you drop to floor raising either foot into the pit of his stomach and hurl him completely over your own body and down on the floor.

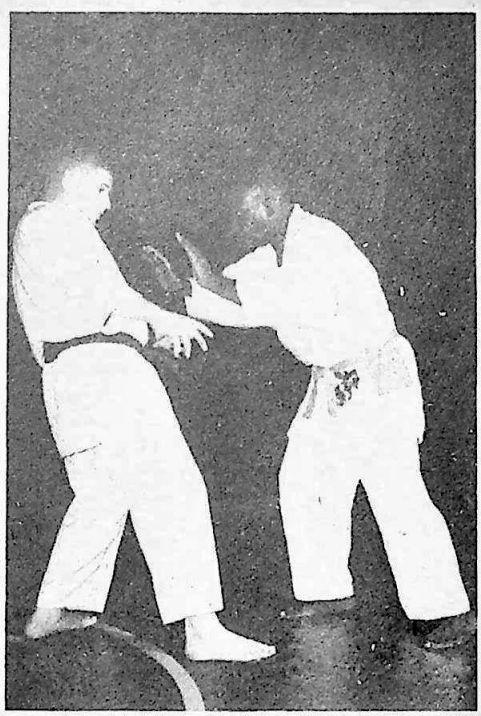


By pulling him straight back and straight down and kicking your own leg, you gain the necessary momentum for the full execution of this most effective defensive maneuver.



Grabbing opponent's arm and stepping in deep, so as to get as much back to chest contact as possible before flipping him.

By pulling his arm forward and springing your hips and straightening your legs, man is easily thrown high over your head.



Opponent's attack is avoided by simply stepping back quickly. He is now off balance and an easy target for counter.

tered some of the most complex maneuvers.

Although I personally prefer Throwing to mat work, the Grappling phase of Judo does have many supporters and advantages. The holds used in this phase are quite similar to those used in standard amateur wrestling (fig. 12), but the rules are as different as man and woman. You need not pin your opponent in Judo, all you must do is to completely *control* his body for thirty seconds to win the match.

Strangling and arm locks need no explanation, but I have included some illustrations on these pages of the more popular forms of choking and locking techniques (figs. 13-14).

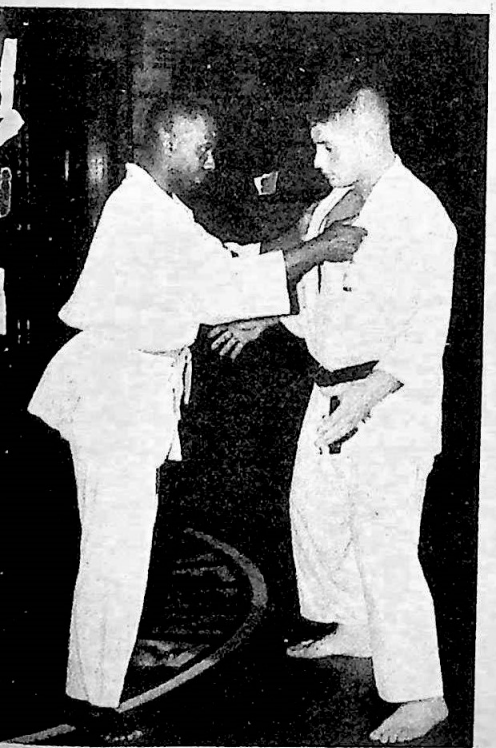
JUDO IS MY LIFE: I discovered this fascinating sport quite by accident. While stationed at the Marine Base at Quantico, Virginia I learned that two men in my company were Judo players (one who engages in Judo as a sport is called a player). Like a lot of young men, most of whom are ashamed to admit it, I had visions of myself becoming a kind of fighting machine, invincible in the face of any odds. And, like so many others, I assumed that Judo was the quickest and easiest way of making my dream into a reality. Judo, I thought, was simply a few magic tricks and a series of blows delivered with the edge of the hand.

I looked up the two Judo players in my company and because of the great interest I radiated, they invited me to attend their next workout. That night I went only as a spectator; to see if I liked it. That one look was more than enough to convince me. The next night I bought my judogi (a heavily woven cotton outfit used in Sport Judo).

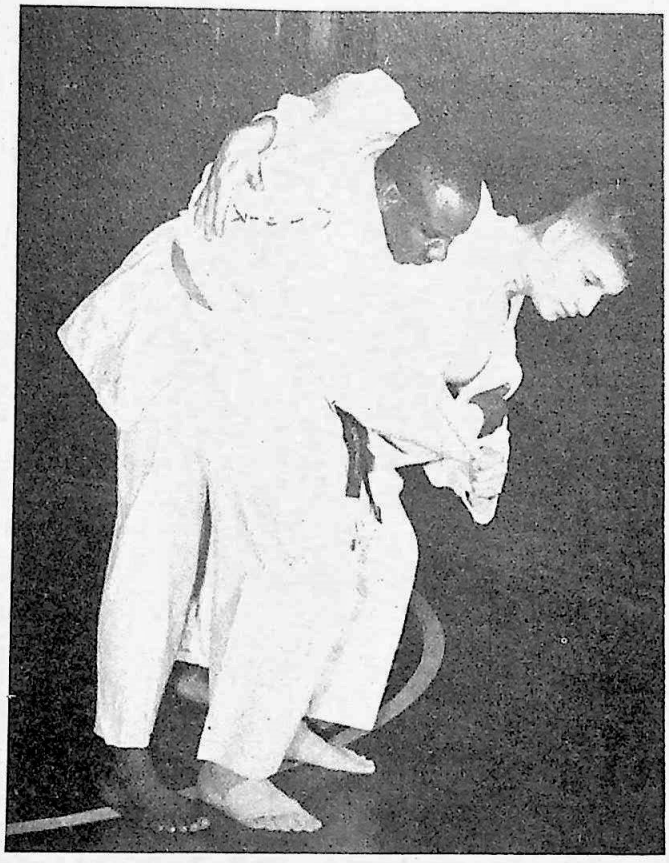
From then on I practiced whenever possible and Judo became my abiding avocation.

When in the military you don't always have the opportunity to do the things you want to do and consequently my practice sessions were separated by as much as four or five days. This is taboo for one who expects to become a Judo expert since practice is as essential to success as a healthy body.

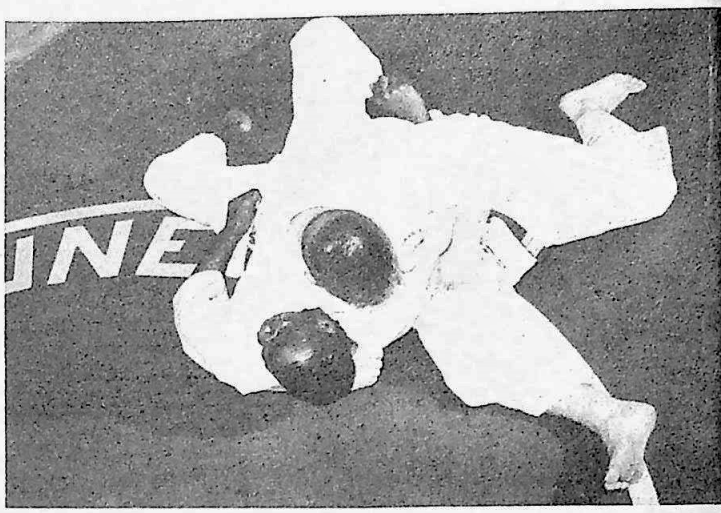
I entered my first Judo meet after three months of practice. It was at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, where I won five straight matches. Filled with confi-



A man experienced in Judo would have no difficulty at all defending himself against an attacker who grabbed his lapels.



Stepping in so that your feet are between your opponent's, you slide your right arm around his waist and throw him over your hip. This is an extremely fine method of upsetting a much heavier person.



In Japanese this is known as the "Kesagatame." It is considered a fairly simple mat hold but a very effective one. Note how leverage is increased by tugging at victim's jacket.

dence and pride I felt that I was a sure bet for promotion. But I couldn't have been more wrong. I went to my teacher, Jimmy Takemori, and asked him why I had not been promoted. His answer was something I will remember as long as I live.

"Mister Casale," he said, "I am happy that you have done so well here, and I know that you were better than your opponents. But you won only because you were stronger than the others. You did not show good Judo technique. Perhaps other clubs would promote you, but the standards of our club are higher. You would not be happy to be promoted if you are not yet ready for it, would you?"

The simple honesty of Takemori's explanation made a great impression on me and after thinking it over I had to admit he was right. I now realize that not being promoted at that time was one of the big breaks of my Judo career. I made up my mind to strive for technique perfection and swallow my pride.

I was very fortunate to be assigned to the Third Marine Division on Okinawa, where Judo is the national sport. There, in the village of Goya, lived the man who became my greatest source of instruction, inspiration and encouragement; Takeshi Matsumoto. He is a stockily built, disarmingly friendly gentleman who has the very high honor of holding a Fourth Degree Black Belt.

Mr. Matsumoto was very courteous to me and he assured me that he would help me in whatever way he could. After a few weeks, when it became obvious to him that I was sincere and determined in my desire to learn Judo, Sensei (the Japanese word for teacher), as Mr. Matsumoto was called, began offering me small but invaluable bits of advice. Such things as:

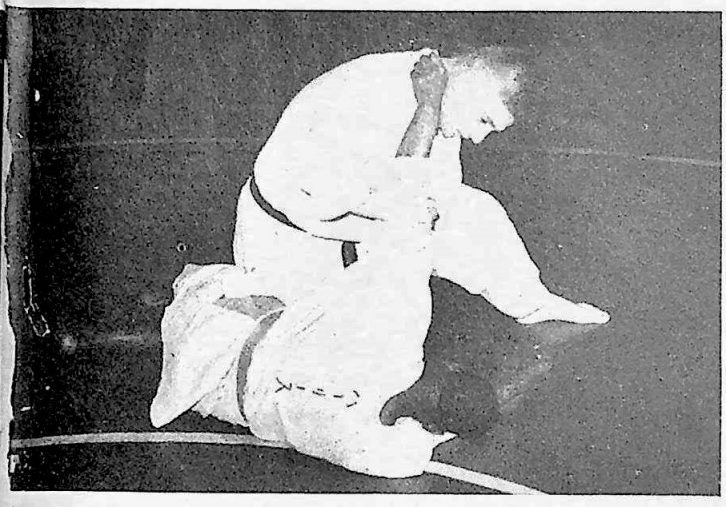
"You self go inside" (meaning that I wasn't making enough body contact).

"Sooo." (I was getting better.)

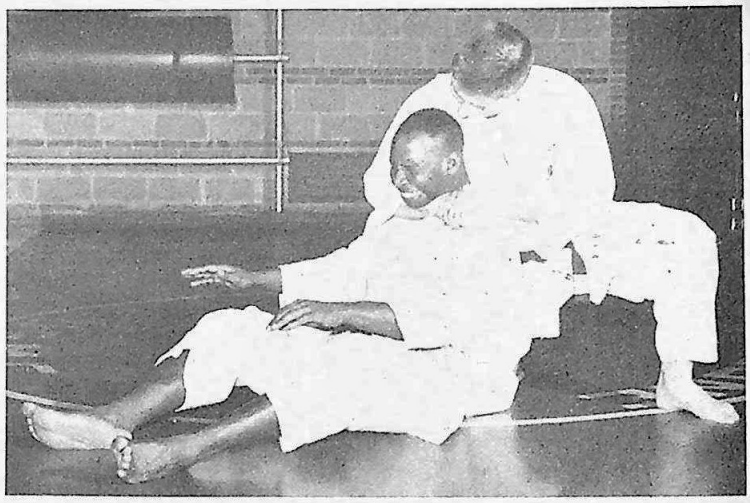
"Ah! Too much very good" (I had finally done something right).

The place where Judo is practiced is called a Dojo. Matsumoto's Dojo was called the "Shodokan Dojo of Okinawa," which had a great reputation throughout the Island. After you spent an hour or two there being flipped through the air by some slim Okinawan boy you realized why. The caliber of instruction and competition at Shodokan Dojo combined to make the student a skilled Judoka, providing he worked hard.

Even though Matsumoto was only 32, his American students referred to him



The "Ude Gatame" or Elbow Lock. The elbow is the only joint on the entire body that can be legally locked in Judo. It is relatively simple to break a man's arm with this hold.



This is the "Hadaka-Jime" or The Naked Strangle Hold. The choke is applied with the edge of the wrist and delivered with a hard, straight-to-the-rear pressure.

in private as "The Old Man." He had tremendous insight and seemed always to know exactly what to say and when to say it. He also had the knack of speaking to a pupil in such a way as to make him accept even the severest criticism willingly, gratefully.

I worked like mad for a full year, practicing, learning everything I could. Finally I became the owner of a Second Degree Brown Belt. The next goal was the First Degree Brown Belt and then the coveted Black Belt.

I decided to visit the famed Kodokan Institute in Japan, which is Judo world headquarters. Matsumoto graciously gave me a letter of introduction to the director of the Kodokan. When the day came to leave I went to bid him good-by.

"Kesal-san," Matsumoto said in that peculiar way he pronounced my name, "you go Tokyo and take test."

Things were happening too fast. Here I had just been promoted to First Degree Brown Belt and I already had my teacher's permission to try for my Black Belt. I stammered and stuttered, but Matsumoto just smiled and said: "No sweat, maybe you can do."

At the Institute in Tokyo I worked out six hours a day for eight straight days. I am probably the only Marine in history who took a ten day leave in gay Tokyo and was tucked away in bed every night before ten o'clock.

On the ninth day I took my test. My chief examiner was Mr. Shinzo Takegaki, a Ninth Degree Black Belt holder who is in charge of foreign students at the Kodokan. Assisting him were six other Judo experts who ranged from Sixth to Eighth Degree Black Belt holders.

Also on my board of examiners was Mr. Daigo, a giant of a man who had twice held the championship of the world. Each time I performed a requirement the board chatted among themselves. Somehow I managed to pass the test and the next day I left for Okinawa happier than I had ever been in my whole life.

According to Judo custom I did not put on my Black Belt until my teacher, Mr. Matsumoto, tied it around me for the first time. When he halted his class and called me to his side to make a little speech about what I had done, tears of pride rolled down my cheeks. He tied the belt around my waist and I returned to my position with a lump the size of a medicine ball in my throat. I realized then, as do all men when receiving their Black Belts, that my Judo education was just beginning. The road ahead was long and difficult.

Throughout this article I have purposely avoided those foolish "who would win if . . ." debates, because boxing, wrestling and Judo are three totally different forms of combat with completely different sets of rules. A comparison of them is foolish and impractical. But speaking with some degree of authority, I will go on record and say that a man who knows Judo need fear no human being regardless of size and strength. I strongly urge that if, after reading this article which has only scratched the surface, you have a sincere desire to learn more about this fascinating art of Judo, and you are willing to work hard gaining the necessary knowledge, that you enter a recognized school. If you stick with it I promise you that not only will you learn a very useful skill, but you will enter a whole new world; one you never thought existed. ● *end*

Zuma's educated feet crash against Karl Von Hess' face during wild bout in New Jersey which Zuma won after twenty-two minutes of furious action.

THE MIGHTY ZUMA ... Pint-Sized Rocca !

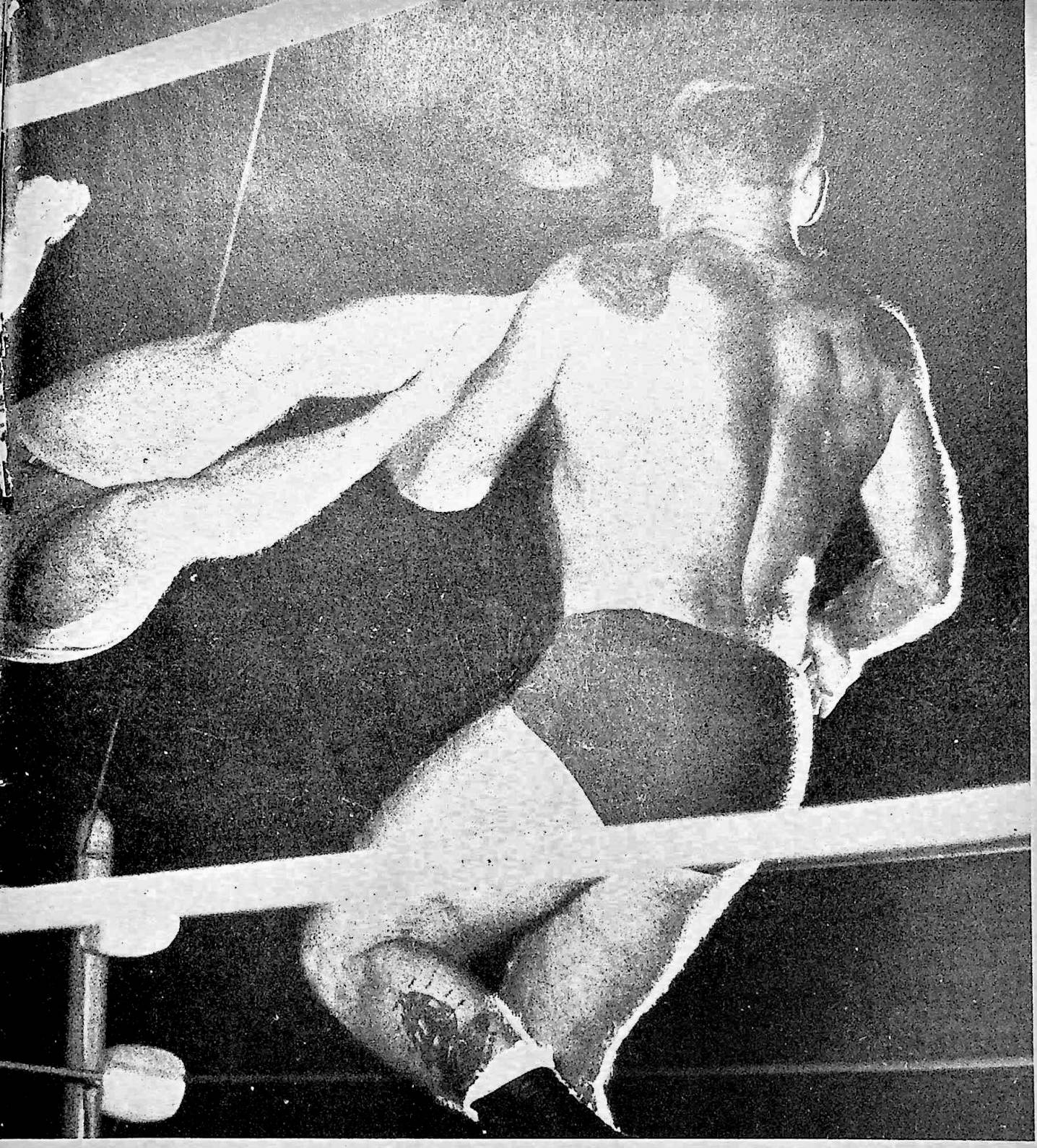
THE NEAR-SIGHTED OLD RINGSIDER peered through the ropes at the wild action in the ring. He had flown into New York from his Topeka, Kansas home and hurried to the arena. Now the main event had begun and the old fan was happy. There, sure enough, was the hero of the evening — his bare feet flying and his hairy torso swaying rhythmically with some of the most intricate gymnastics ever seen in a wrestling ring.

"Argentina is wrestling tonight," the man next to him had answered the old guy's query. "Good," said the gentleman from Topeka, "he's been my favorite for years."

"Come on, Rocca!" screamed the old man, straining his eyes for a better view.

The people around him raised their eyes as if to say, "that old guy is nuts." How could he confuse Argentina with Argentine (The Mighty) Zuma? The old man took a closer look. Sure, he could see it now — this imposter was at least five inches shorter than his hero! And he had a mustache! The Mighty Zuma, indeed!

"C'mon, you Von Hess," he screamed, "— Kill 'im!"



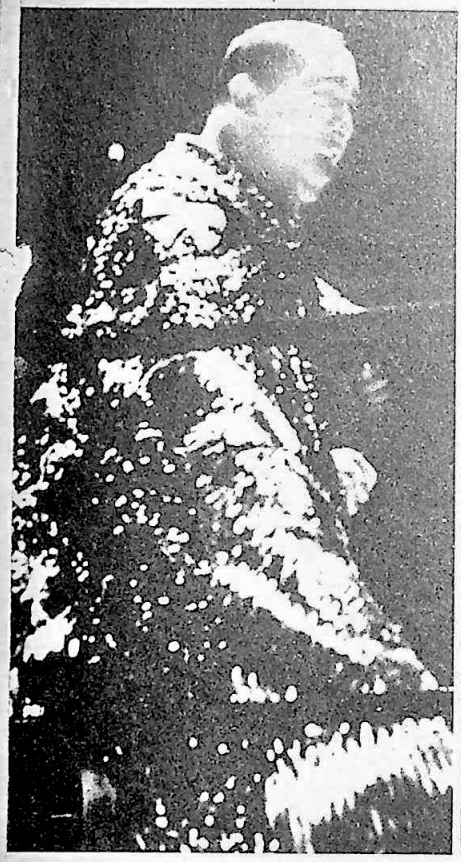
Completely flabbergasted that anyone should root for him, villainous Karl Von Hess looked up from the mat, where he had been hurled by his 5'5" opponent — and promptly pinned.

The Mighty Argentina Manuel Zuma had done it again.

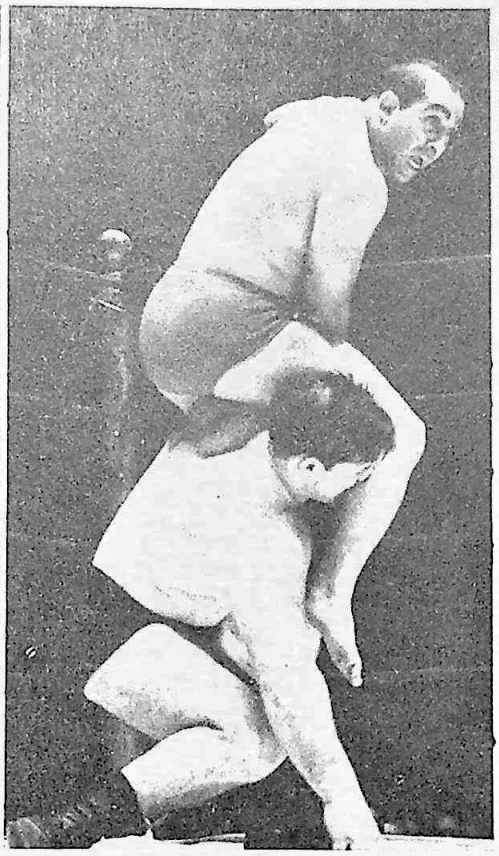
But if it hadn't been for Jack Pfeffer, the Russian Lion cub and wrestling impressario extraordinary, Zuma might never have done it even the first time. Wrestled in the big time, that is. But Pfeffer, who knows a good thing when he sees it, had to look twice at Zuma the first time he saw him to make sure it wasn't really Rocca.

"I thought maybe Antonino had been telescoped by a Buddy Rogers piledriver," said Pfeffer in a Russian accent thicker than a handful of black caviar. "And right away I got the Beeg Idee! I would put this little fellow — who could wrestle real good, incidental — in same ring with Rocca. Why? Because they both from Argentina, they both have beeg bare feet, and both look alike."

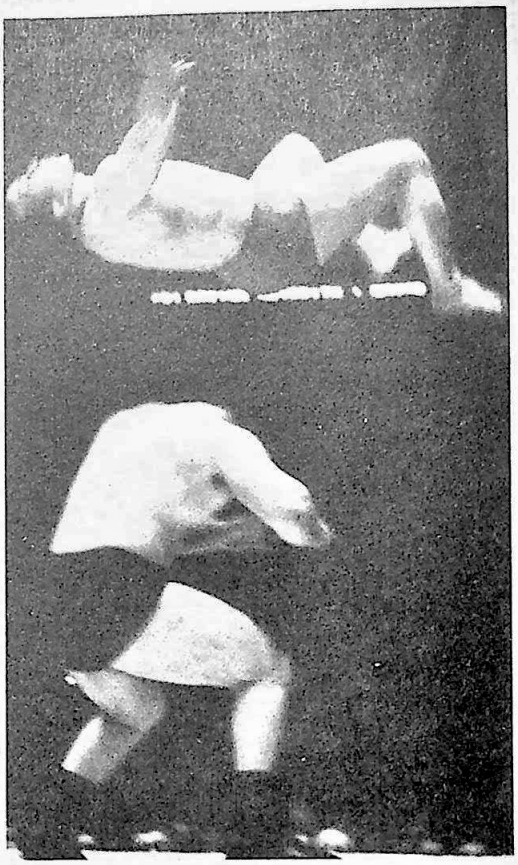
That's how The Mighty Zuma came to get into the Madison Square Garden ring three times with Antonino



Zuma enters Madison Square Garden ring in his rainbow-colored cape for important bout with Rocca.



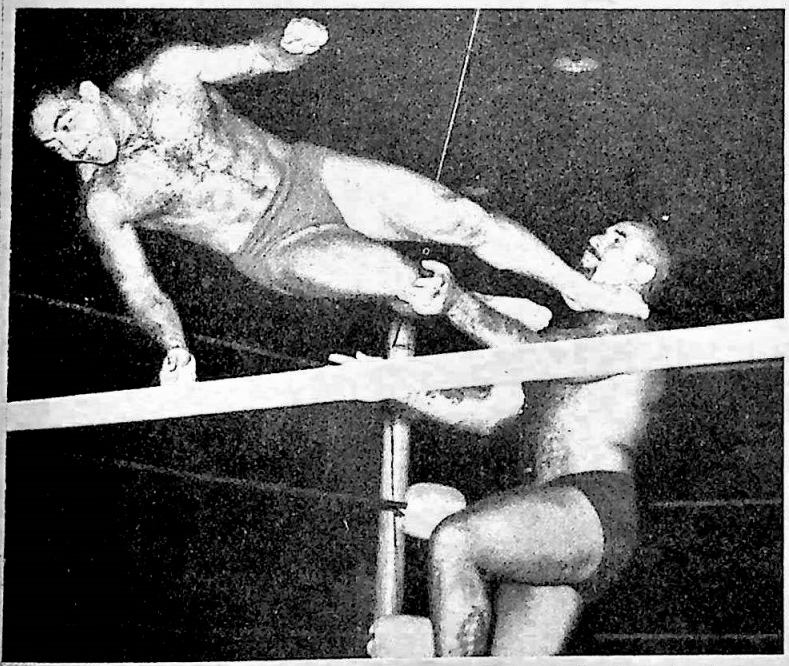
Strongman Bruno Sammartino is about to lift tiny Zuma into the air while Zuma clings to armlock. Sammartino won.



Zuma looks like a cat as he leaps high into the air and over Sammartino. Many people believe that Zuma is really Rocca's brother.

Rocca, and each time drew more than $60,000 dollars into the Garden till.

It's pretty fantastic, as even the fantastic Mr. Pfeffer admits, when you think that, just five years ago, Zuma was just a punk kid who'd gained 210 pounds of muscle because he was sensitive about his lack of height, and whose hero was — of course — Antonino Rocca, his illustrious countryman.



Notice the remarkable development of Zuma's body as he dropkicks Karl Von Hess. He is without a doubt one of the finest dropkick artists in the ring, and he always lands on his feet.

Having seen Rocca cavort in Buenos Aires when he (Zuma) was a miniature gaucho with small hopes and big ambitions, young Manuel was determined to emulate his idol with the educated feet. He learned to wrestle easily, since he was a natural athlete to begin with and had spent much of his time hurling himself through the air and executing flying scissor holds around fence posts. He almost executed himself as well. All told, Manuel has suffered six toe fractures, two broken ankles, and countless other multiple breaks.

The big break came when he was allowed to visit the U.S. for a wrestling tour. Nothing much came of it until that day in Boston when Jack Pfeffer spotted the chunky little Pampas puppy and conceived his "Beeg Idee." That was in 1957, after Zuma had learned something about American style wrestling. A couple of more tours and some building-up and the "match of the decade" was finally staged in Madison Square Garden. It was a huge success, even though Zuma lost.

He lost because of that banged-up ankle, he insists. "That Rocca," Zuma says in laborious English, "he know I have bad ankle — he take advantage."

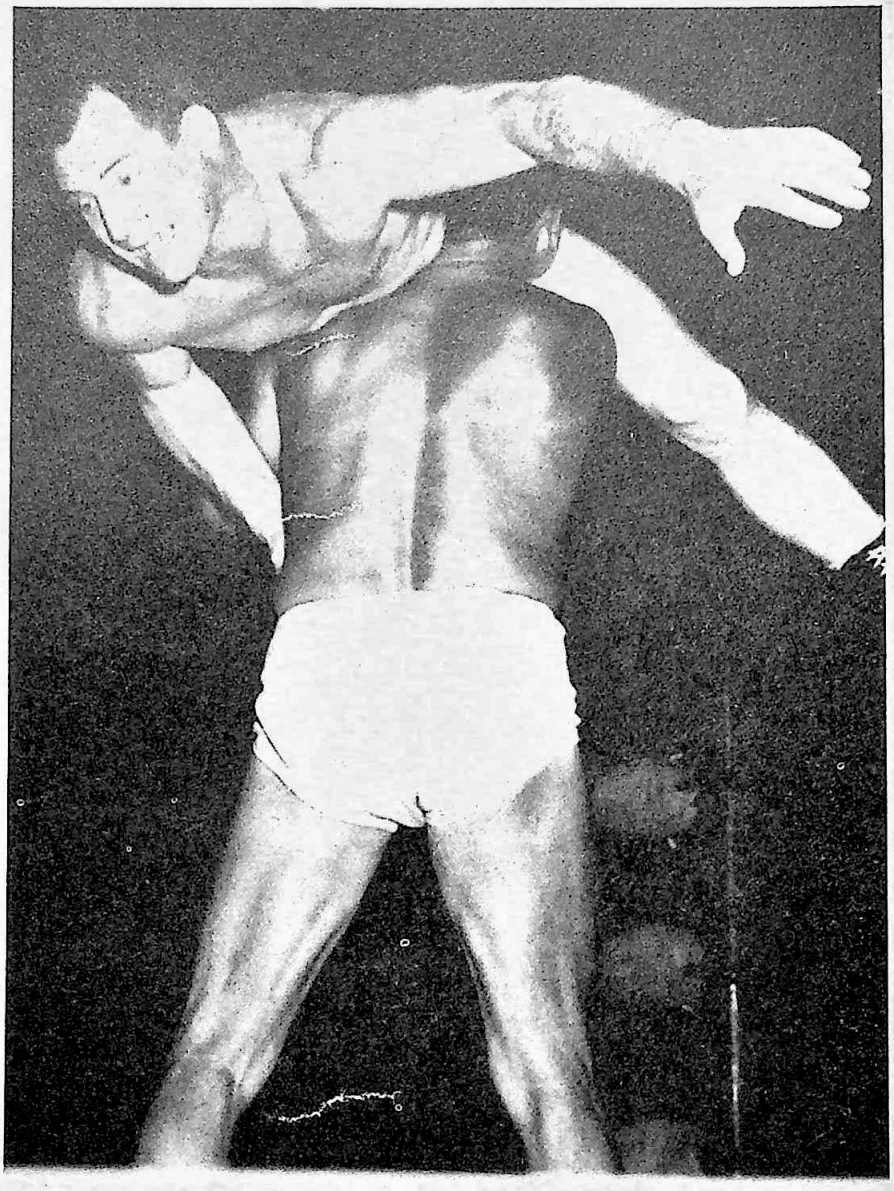
He lost the second bout to Rocca because of a fractured knee. "That Rocca," says Zuma, sadly, "— he twist only that knee, the bad one. He make me in agony."

Then came the third match. That was the best one of all. Rocca won again. "That Rocca," says Zuma, his eyes downcast, "— he one hell of a good wrestler!" • *end*

PROFILES SECTION
ON FOLLOWING FIVE PAGES

Profile No. 1

JACK WITZIG



Pat O'Connor is lifted into the air by the powerful Witzig and then slammed to floor. Bout ended in thirty minute draw.

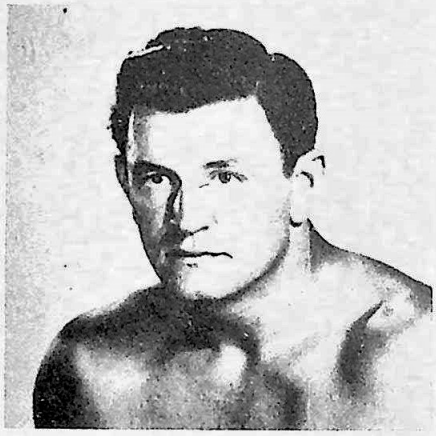
"YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT as a pro — you're too clean, too honest!" That's what they told young Jack Witzig of Eau Claire, Wisconsin after he had ripped through all opposition in an AAU tournament. "Better forget about wrestling for a living," he heard his father say — "be a bank clerk like me." But, Jack ignored all such advice and turned wrestler. He maintained his clean, gentlemanly ways, used his scientific knowledge of such holds as the Boston Crab, the step-over toe hold, various pile drivers.

Miraculously, Witzig has surprised his father, his former coach and most fans by making them *enjoy* the kind of stuff seen usually at college and at AAU meets. But — Jack does it much faster, more dramatically, and with the professional frosting that makes him a very exciting wrestler to watch.

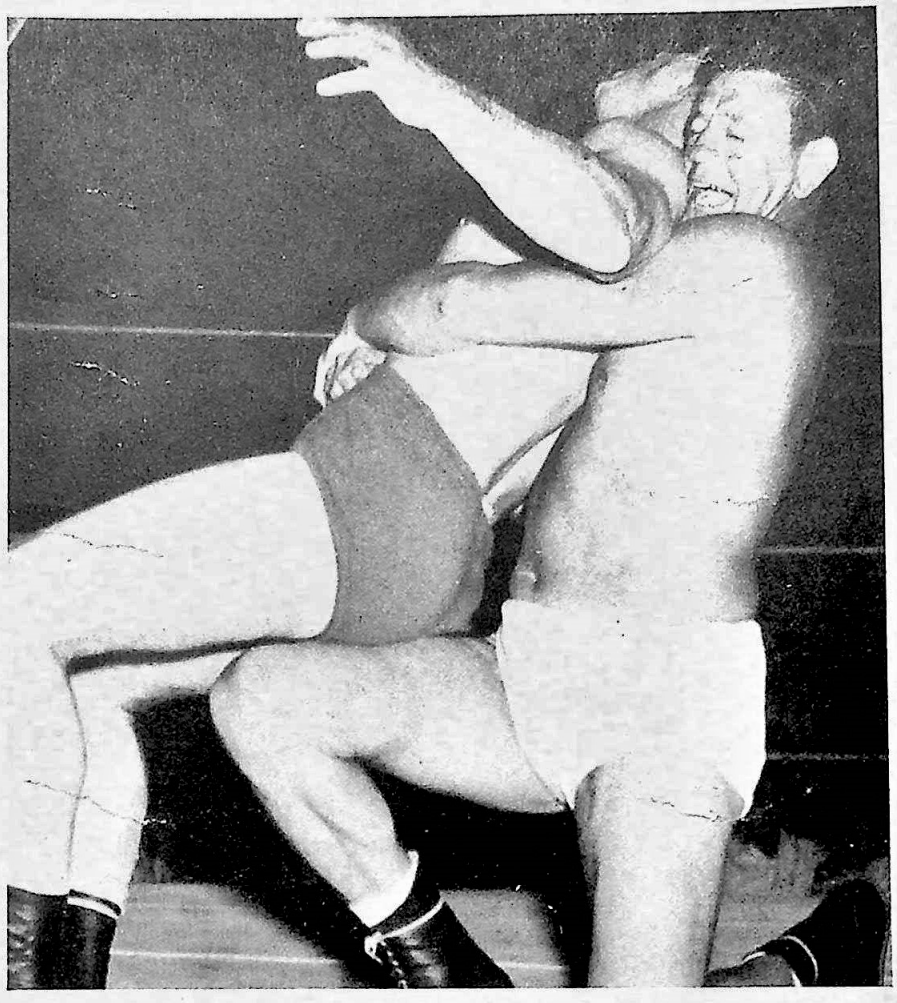
The beginning, for Jack, was a drab one. It was either take his father's advice and become a bank clerk, or get a job with the huge U.S. Rubber Company in Eau Claire — like everybody else. It wasn't hard for Jack to break partly away and work his way through the U. of Wisconsin (one year) and the St. Thomas Academy (three years). After that it was a choice of a better job at U.S. Rubber, a better clerical job, or — disgusted, Jack went to see former wrestling great Tony Stecher. Stecher worked on him awhile, then put him in the ring with a monster named Bobo Brazil. Bobo was held to a draw, surprisingly enough, and from then on it was onward and upward for clean-living, clean-wrestling and likable Bob Witzig. Even Dad Witzig admits maybe Jack made a better wrestler than he would a bank clerk — richer, too. *And just as honest.*

• *end*

Profile No. 2



SONNY MYERS



Myers uses his famous "spine breaker" on Ripper Leone to win bout in Borger, Texas. Sonny has a dazzling array of holds.

IF PROFESSIONAL WRESTLERS ever form a labor union it will be headed by one of their own up-from-the-ranks pros who abounds with not only wrestling skill but also with business acumen.

Sonny Myers, the Missouri Meteor, college-bred, smooth and handsome as porcelain, has all the qualifications for the job. In fact, Sonny's name is constantly mentioned in wrestling's high places, to fill such a post.

This fabulously-talented mat star can juggle his verbs and adjectives in fanciful ways, and still make the truth come out. Myers from the "Show-Me" state is no Ozark Okey.

He's tops in his trade today. But it was a steady climb. Sonny recalls the struggling days of his youth when his father barely scratched out a bare existence from the unyielding soil. "I'll never forget those days," Sonny says, "when my pants always had patches, and three-square meals a day were few and far between."

Never one to waste his talents — and they are many — Sonny started his climb from the mire to the summit by enrolling at the University of Missouri where he managed to get two years of higher education under his belt. He financed himself at college by playing pro baseball summers. If he was not so sorely pressed for money he might have remained in baseball instead of turning to professional wrestling.

After a few "easy" local bouts he looked for tougher matches. Up the ladder he went, rung by rung, taking the necessary time to round himself into the finished performer he is today.

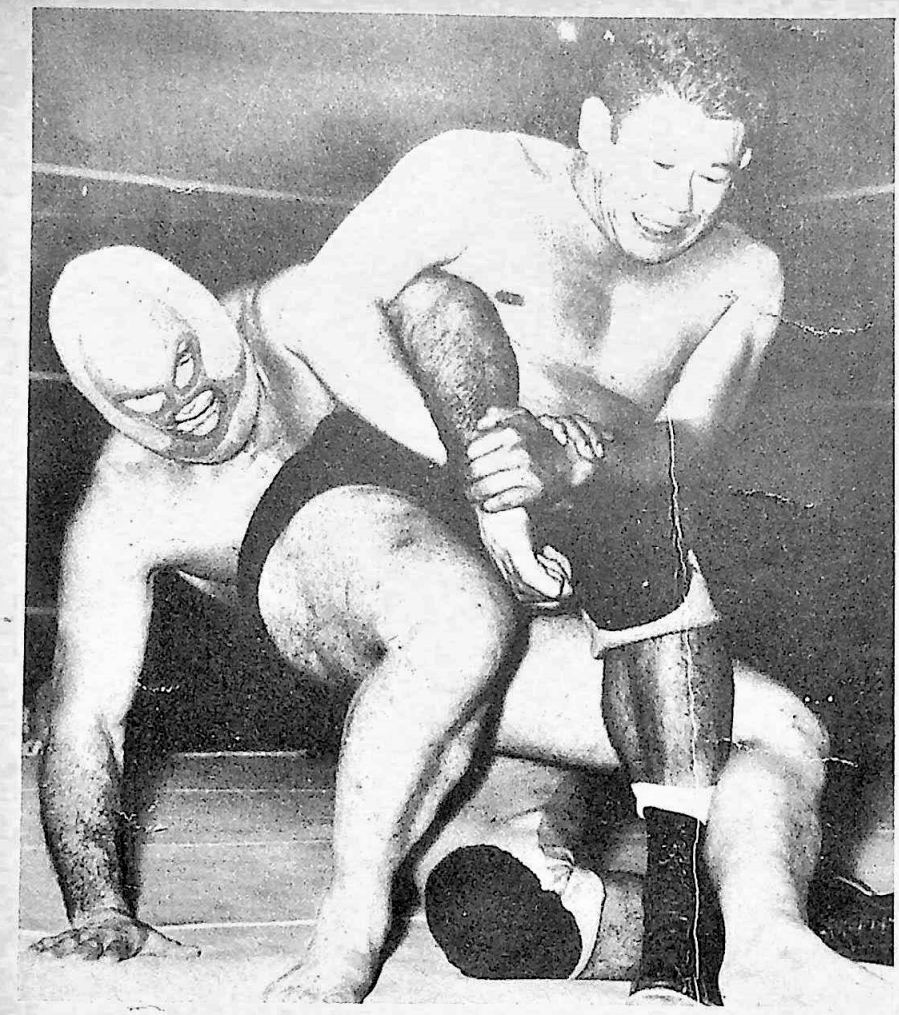
Sonny's beautifully proportioned 6 feet 2 inch frame houses one of the handsomest physiques ever carried over the coaxial cable. Anyone who has seen him in action can testify to his superb cat-like agility as he maneuvers to apply his favorite holds: the Atomic Drop and the Japanese Sleeper.

A family man with a beautiful home in St. Joseph, Mo., Myers now limits himself to appearances in Texas, Louisiana, and Missouri "so that I'm never too far from home."

Thanks to Sonny's fabulous success his dad now owns three well-paying farms. Sonny sports a three carat diamond ring and three closets full of custom-made clothes.

The best guys are sometimes victims to fanatics. Sonny will remember one of these fanatics as long as he lives. One night, after a particularly rough match in Mexico, a maniacal spectator pulled a knife on Myers and plunged it into his stomach. It took more than 200 stitches to close the wound that reached from his kidney around to his spine. The scar looks like a belt today. Said Myers when pressed for a comment: "I hold no grudge against that guy who knifed me. He was just a real fan who got too hot under the collar." • *end*

Profile No. 3



Keomaka applies double wristlock on Hooded Terror who tries to break hold by lifting himself off the mat. Duke won bout.

DUKE KEOMAKA

"IF SOMEONE came along big enough, strong enough, and brave enough to annihilate Duke Keomaka once and for all professional wrestling would be rid of a nationally-hated villain." So wrote one Houston, Texas fan.

This is not a minority opinion, especially in Texas where The Duke rates in unpopularity with General Santa Anna.

He's mean, rough, reckless, vicious, savage — you name it — but hard to believe as it is, he isn't always that way — outside the ring, we mean.

Those who know The Duke best say that he really suffers from a Jeykll and Hyde complex, that when he pulls on his wrestling trunks he goes through an automatic transformation and begins breaking jaws, skulls or anything within reach.

Maybe it's all an act. But that's doubtful. No one can build up so hateful a countenance without having sadistic inborn characteristics.

Duke, a Hawaiian-born Japanese-American, is considered the greatest judo-jacket man in the United States — bar none. His cunning and anything-goes attitude makes him doubly dangerous as a competitor. The fans hate him so they claim boiling-in-oil would be too good for Keomaka.

The fans' hate creeps under his dressing room door like poison gas. He has to slice through hate walking down the aisle to the ring. Cat-calls never phase him. He gets back at the fans by giving a merciless beating to his opponent who, no matter who he is, is always the crowd's hero.

Keomaka invariably enters the ring bare-footed, and to guard against sneak attacks he makes his seconds sweep his corner free of such objects as tacks, nails, broken glass and at times itching powder.

One night in Seattle, a fan smashed a beer bottle in The Duke's corner and Keomaka spent the next ten minutes painting the canvas with his bloody feet.

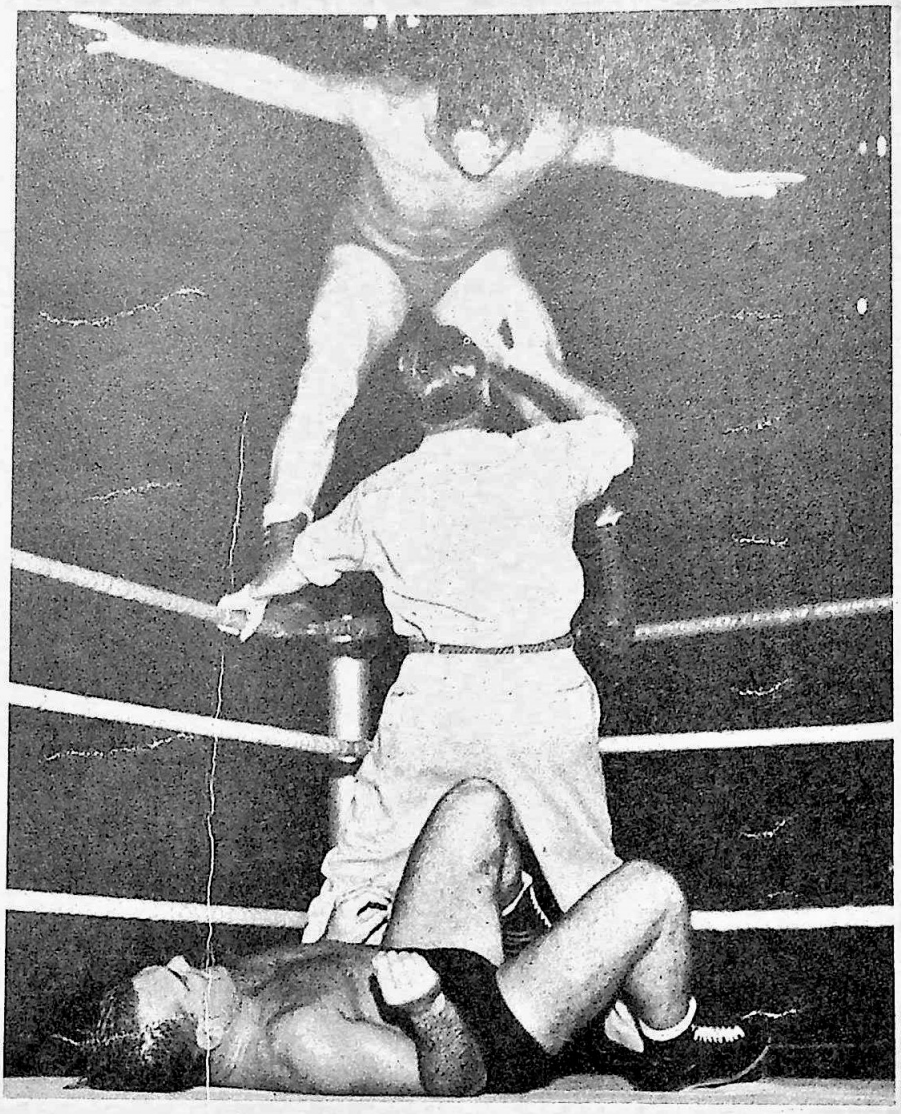
The Duke is an inventor. But his inventions are as sadistic as he himself. He originated the deadly "Oriental Claw," which paralyzes the muscles of the arms and hands, and has brought forth cries for its banishment from both fans and wrestlers alike.

Is it any wonder that Duke Keomaka is one of the most hated villains in wrestling. And yet you wouldn't believe he is the same man when you meet him on the street. The *other* Duke is not an unruly cut-throat, but a pleasant man, and quite distinguished-looking. One is impressed by the intelligent look in his eyes and his easy going manner.

Too bad Jeykll and Hyde can't get together. • *end*

Profile No. 4

DON LEO JONATHAN



Jonathan balances his 300-pounds on top ropes as the referee tries desperately to talk him out of leaping on Billy Watson.

WHAT DOES Don Leo Jonathan have besides three names, 300 pounds of superbly fashioned muscle, plenty of wrestling talent, a handsome, masculine face, a well-adjusted, agile mind, a lovely wife, a tremendous future and an exciting past? What, indeed?

Does it matter?

What we're getting at is the DLJ has it made. And it all started the day he got shot. That's right—with a bullet from a .38 revolver. It happened because Don, at that time, turned sheriff's deputy in Utah, after having been an actor, a lumberjack and a ranch-hand. As a lawman, he was obliged to stop people who sped more than 70 miles an hour in a 20-m.p.h. zone, and investigate people who looked suspicious (the ones who carried .38 revolvers in their glove compartments).

One day, Don and his patrol car buddy stopped a red convertible after chasing it clear across the Utah desert. "Le's see yer license," Don barked as he walked up to the driver.

"Swallow this," said the guy, pointing a gun at Don's head. Luckily he was a lousy shot because he hit Don in the thigh instead of the head. Before the young deputy, clawing at his gun and rolling on the sand, could shoot back, his buddy disarmed and disfigured the gunman, who was wanted in other places for assault and robbery.

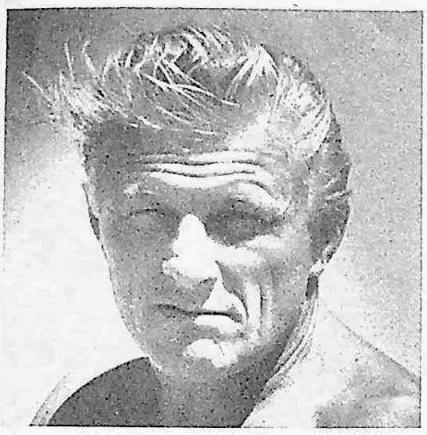
Don Leo Jonathan mended and became a wrestler. "The next guy," says Don, "might just hit me where he aimed at."

A couple of million wrestling fans, although they regret Don's pain, thank their stars for that gunman's wild bullet. Now they can enjoy one of the most exciting attractions in wrestling just by turning their dial or paying a nominal admission fee.

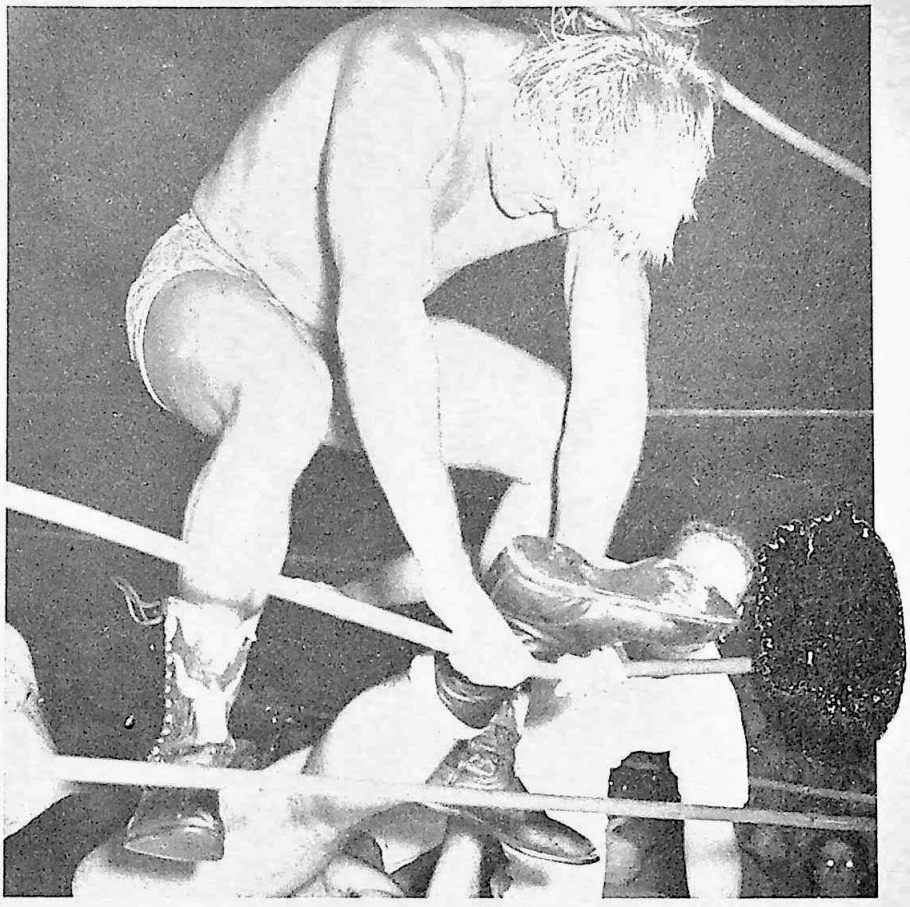
Although Jonathan's six-foot looms as positively heroic in the ring—and out—he makes a sensational villain . . . engaging in such skull-duggery as digging holes in Yukon Eric's skull, and heaving top stars out of the ring. This doesn't make Don popular with Eric or the others, but the fans love it.

They love him also because they know that, outside the ring, Jonathan is about as easy-going a guy as you'd ever want to meet. And a million females want to meet him —even though they know he's happily married to a pretty gal who was once a hotel clerk. Maybe some of those women, who know Don is a devout Mormon, think there's room in his household for more wives. "Nope," says Don shyly, "—I'm a modern Mormon; I believe in the teachings and all that, but one *good* wife's enough for any man, and lot better than a half dozen mediocre ones." • *end*

Profile No. 5



COWBOY CARLSON



Carlson, after being fouled repeatedly by Bulldog Pleaches, suddenly came to life and went on to win. Note cowboy boots.

COWBOY CARLSON just *has* to be the hottest thing on television!

Figure it out: The two most popular televised subjects are wrestling and westerns — and Orville Carlson is a *cowboy* wrestler. Not only that, he is one of the handsomest, blondest, tallest cowboys and one of the best-built hero-type wrestlers. This equation adds up to success, about $35,000 worth each year.

It also adds up to one of the most spectacular attractions inside four million square miles of 18 United States; or, in other words, west of the Mississippi. Why not east of the Mississippi? Because Carlson, like most of his fellow Westerners, is a bit too rough for the more sophisticated fans in Boston, Washington and other civilized places. Anyway, that's what we hear. As we said in a previous issue, though, we think that an invasion of the East by a posse made up of say Carlson and Dory Funk or Bob Geigel, would liven up the sport and give it a shot in the arm ("—a brand on the backside!" is the way Carlson puts it). Such an invasion is apparently imminent, for Carlson has, as reported earlier, joined with Funk to create a tag team to be known as The Westerners.

The younger mat fans (sixteen to sixty, if they're females) go for the rugged good looks and boyish charm of Cowboy Carlson in a big way. They also go for the rest of what makes up this Montana-born Adonis, which is as follows:

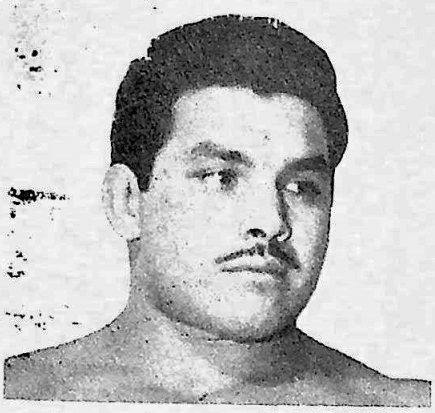
His nickname is no gimmick; he is a genuine cow-puncher who rides a horse as well as he drives his new Mercury station wagon across the Texas plains. He has a rambling, comfortable spread in Montana and, when he quits wrestling ten years or so from now, he'll settle there, breeding high-priced cattle and hunting in the shrub-covered hills. He is a true hunter, and one of the West's marvelous sights, along with the Grand Canyon and Painted Desert, is that of Cowboy Carlson speeding along in his station wagon at ninety miles an hour while knocking off jack rabbits with his .38 Colt. Although it sounds hare-brained (no pun), it is a refinement of a tough sport. A refinement on western hospitality is the Cowboy's habit of shooting a brace of rabbits en route to a wrestling match and, since he doesn't eat the things, passing them out to the customers as he enters the arena. This does not injure his popularity a bit.

He gained his physique, which is awe inspiring, from rugged ranch chores imposed by his pioneer-type aunt who took him in after his parents died. By the age of twelve he was breaking horses—his aunt's —and bones—his own.

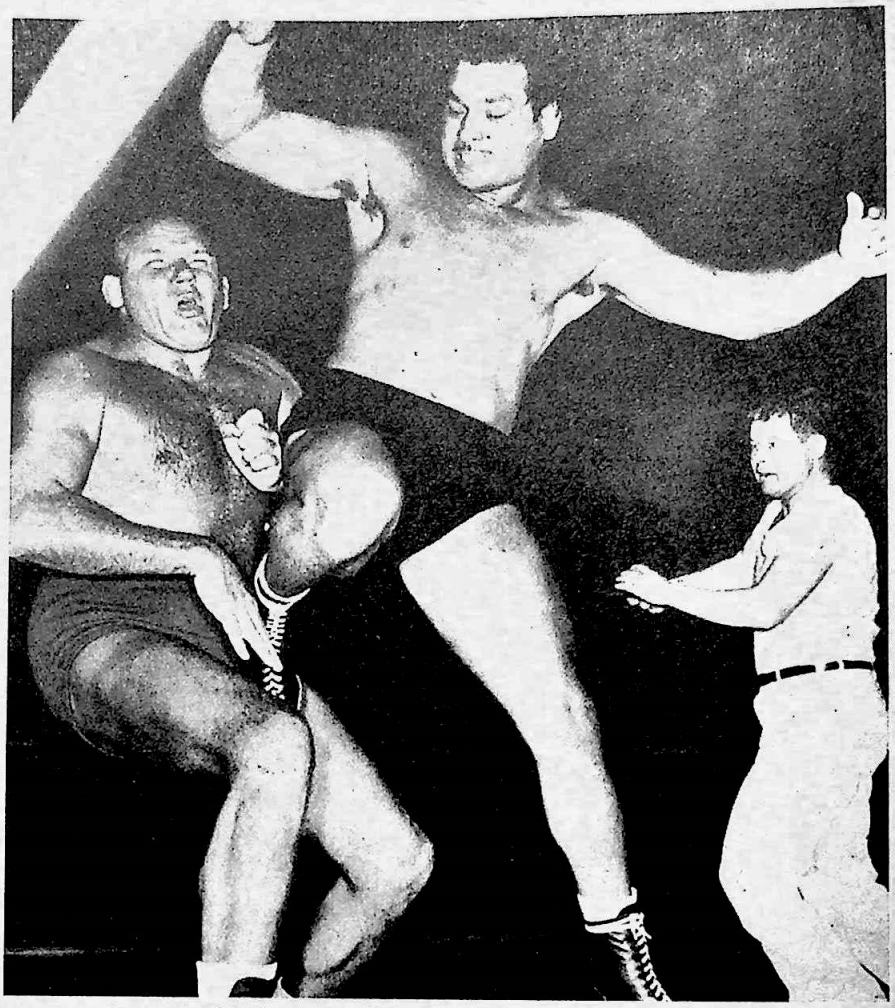
He isn't thrown often in the ring, either, being a very skillful wrestler. It was the wiry, rangy body that horse-busting developed that gave him his original speed and litheness in the wrestling ring. It was weight-lifting and body-building that gave him the extra power he needed to take on the biggest men.

One thing his opponents don't like is Carlson's habit of wearing his cowboy boots in the ring and kicking out their teeth with the pointed heels. This is understandable. It is also understandable why just about everybody else thinks Cowboy Carlson is simply great. ● *end*

Profile No. 6



ENRIQUE TORRES



Torres lashes back at villain Fred Von Schacht during hectic bout in Milwaukee. Enrique won with series of hard body slams.

ENRIQUE TORRES has been getting into trouble during the dozen years he has been a top-flight attraction in wrestling rings from Mexico City to Jersey City.

But the kind of trouble this handsome Latin gets into, most men would welcome. A lady killer the caliber of Gilbert Roland and Ricardo Montalban, Enrique has more trouble tossing un-killable ladies out of his dressing room and apartment than he does tossing wrestlers out of the ring.

"It gets kind of tiresome after a while," he admits, "—after all, too much of even a good thing can become monotonous."

His legion of fans disagree — there's no such thing as too much Enrique Torres! Whenever and wherever Torres toils, attendance doubles, especially in the Southwest, while in Mexico it triples. This is because of the added number of female fans bouncing with delight in their seats.

After one recent match in Los Angeles, Enrique was attacked (with affection) by a clawing bunch of screaming dames. He still bears the scars of that encounter—put there by a set of long, red-tipped fingernails.

On another occasion — a happier one—the black-haired, mustachioed *señor* was speeding in his Cadillac convertible from L.A. to San Francisco. To wash off the summer heat he stopped the car and ran the short distance to the Pacific breakers, to plunge in for a cool swim. Back to the car twenty minutes later, he was amazed to see a half dozen other autos surrounding his own — along with their feminine owners. Turned out that the flashy car, together with its cavorting male owner, had attracted the moths as a flame, and with similar results. "It wouldn't happen again in a million years," says Enrique modestly. "Just happened to be a coincidence of time and place — and those particular women."

Enrique's fan club insists that it can happen *any*time, *any*place and with *any* half dozen women. Having seen Torres in action both in and out of the ring, we'll go along with the club's opinion.

But—is a handsome face, muscular body and a wagonload of sex appeal enough to remain a first-class wrestling attraction — and win the championship of Mexico? Of course not. Enrique can really wrestle. Nor does he mess around with any gimmicks, robes, showboating or other aids to supplement a dubious ability. He just wrestles—and wrestles superbly.

So superbly that he all but ripped the big crown right off Lou Thesz's noble noggin in L.A. a few years ago. He held the great champion to a draw, and later Lou admitted, "That Mexican is one of the strongest I've met. If I'd been just a trifle off form, you would have seen a new champion." What greater tribute can any wrestler ask?

Maybe this — supplied by a lovely blonde admirer on the West Coast: "That Enrique, he's the most! He makes me remember that he's a gentleman—and forget that I'm a lady!" • *end*

WRESTLING REVUE

THE EDITORS OF BOXING ILLUSTRATED-WRESTLING NEWS proudly present this big, slick magazine designed exclusively for wrestling fans. NEVER BEFORE HAS THERE BEEN A MAGAZINE LIKE WRESTLING REVUE! Every issue a souvenir copy that you'll cherish as a permanent record as well as a COLOR album.

EACH AND EVERY ISSUE OF WRESTLING REVUE WILL BE PACKED WITH MORE THAN 200 SPECIALLY TAKEN PHOTOS, the same kind of photographs which have made Boxing Illustrated-Wrestling News the most popular and widely read magazine of its kind in the world. And, of course, you will find in WRESTLING REVUE the kind of exclusive inside stories and complete wrestling coverage you thrill to every month in BOXING ILLUSTRATED.

WRESTLING REVUE is a COMPANION magazine to BOXING ILLUSTRATED-WRESTLING NEWS. Published quarterly (four issues per year), WRESTLING REVUE and BOXING ILLUSTRATED-WRESTLING NEWS together make the perfect team. BOTH are absolute musts for every wrestling fan. So take advantage of these big money-saving subscription offers and subscribe NOW!

Don't Miss

A Single Copy

•

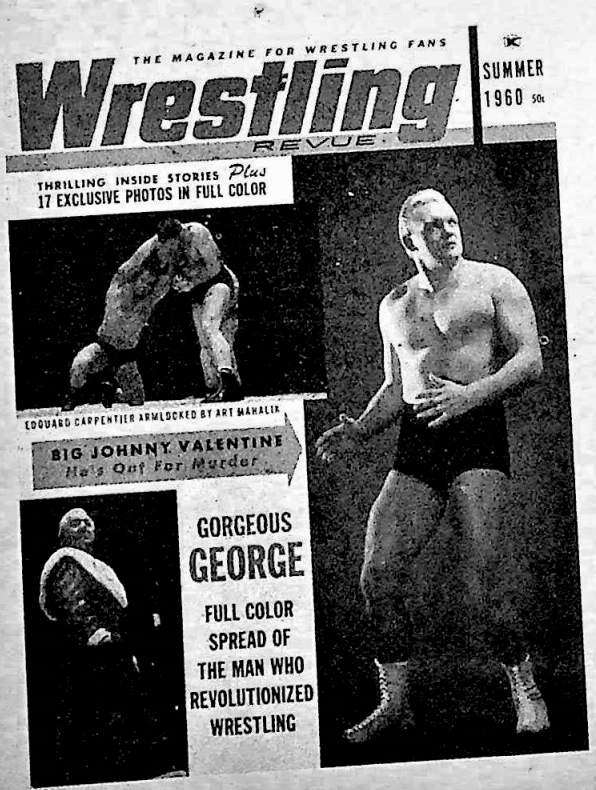
SUBSCRIBE

NOW!

FREE GLOSSY PICTURES

SPECIAL LIMITED OFFER. If you subscribe NOW to WRESTLING REVUE, or take advantage of the combination subscriptions to both WRESTLING REVUE AND BOXING ILLUSTRATED - WRESTLING NEWS, we will send you FREE a special gift packet of SIX glossy pictures of the world's leading stars. Here are the pictures you'll receive FREE if you enter your subscription NOW: Antonio Rocca, The Graham Brothers, Buddy Rogers, Killer Kowalski, Mark Lewin & Don Curtis, Chief Big Heart.

Yes, this magnificent picture packet, worth the price of a year's subscription in itself, FREE to all new subscribers.



COMBINATION SUBSCRIPTION OFFER

COMBINATION SUBSCRIPTION OFFER. Save even more by S-T-R-E-T-C-H-I-N-G your subscription dollar. For the low price of only $5.00 receive the FREE picture packet plus a full year of BOTH WRESTLING REVUE AND BOXING ILLUSTRATED-WRESTLING NEWS . . . SIXTEEN magnificent magazines will be delivered right to your door within the coming 12 months. This is an opportunity you can't afford to miss. It's a limited offer so act NOW!

Wrestling Revue P.O. Box 384 Rockville Centre, L. I., New York

SPECIAL COMBINATION OFFER

Both WRESTLING REVUE and BOXING ILLUSTRATED-WRESTLING NEWS. Also send me the FREE picture packet.

NAME_____

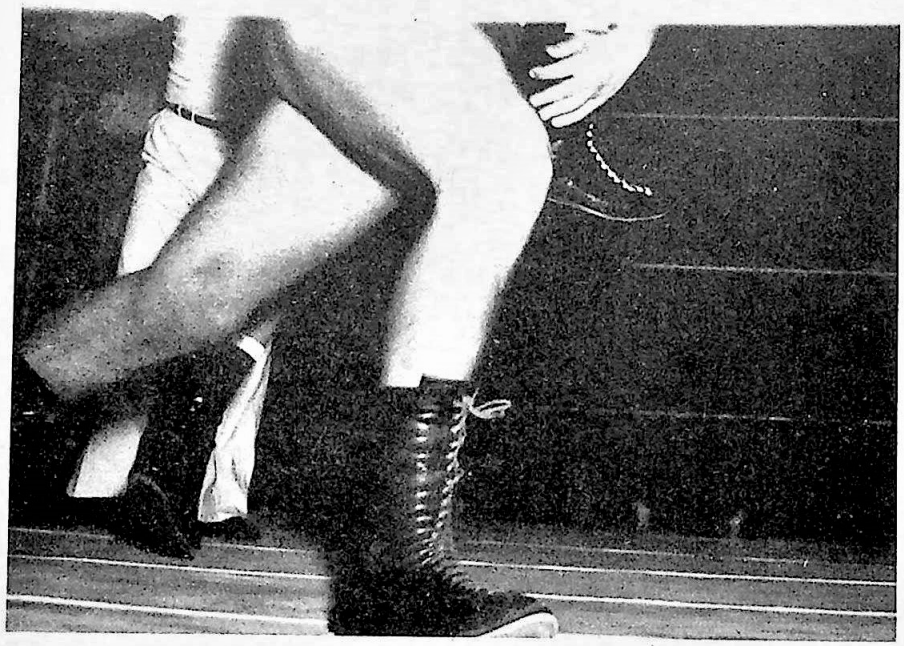
ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

I enclose $5.00 as payment in full. Check one: cash ☐ check ☐ money order ☐ ($5.00 in U.S. & Canada. $6.00 all other countries)

FOR SUBSCRIPTION TO WRESTLING REVUE ONLY—
Enter my subscription for one year (4 issues). W-3

I enclose $2.00. Check one: cash ☐ check ☐ money order ☐ ($2.00 in U.S. $2.50 in Canada. $3.00 all other countries)



Top Spectator Sport

(*continued from page* 10)

In Europe, rabid fans pack the arenas for every wrestling program. They cheer themselves hoarse for their heroes and heave anything within range at the villains—just as they do in the U.S. It is a kind of universal medicine to relieve tension and emotions in today's hectic world.

Just how important wrestling has become in foreign countries is attested to by the reports which flow into WRESTLING REVUE'S New York office. It might come as a surprise to critics that wrestling in Spain and Latin America is second only to bull fighting in popularity. And that in France the heckling of bully gruntters has replaced the chiding of politicians as the country's favorite pastime.

Wrestling fans love to see the unusual, especially European fans. Here's what can be seen these days from LeHavre to Naples and from Paris to Istanbul: Wrestlers billed as The Masked Hangman, The Strangler, The White Angel and The Phantom. The Phantom enters the ring clothed completely in black except for the white outline of a skeleton which is drawn with iridescent paint on the front of his costume. When the houselights go out, the skeleton glows in the dark and the crowd goes wild. When The Phantom leaps at his victim the latter recoils in horror. Then, in semi-darkness, the two go at each other madly, with the "victim" occasionally screaming with pain as he is enveloped by the twisting, writhing "bones." At the finish the lights flash on and the usually victorious Phantom heads back to his secret dressing room.

An imaginative French-Jew named Alex Goldstein is the mastermind behind this sort of thing. Small, gentle and wise, 52-year old promoter Goldstein is making millions of people happy with this diet of fright and fantasy while at the same time making millions for himself. He has about 200 wrestlers under his wing and controls some fifty arenas throughout Western Europe. Goldstein is a phenomenal success.

But it wasn't always that way, not until December 8, 1958. Before that, although Alex Goldstein had been a wrestling promoter fourteen years, he could have made a better living cleaning sewers. Wrestling, just as it was in the U.S., was dying in Europe during the 1940's. Then, on that memorable December night, something brand new was interjected into European wrestling. A huge man, his face entirely covered by a canvas mask, leaped into the ring, ran across to where his opponent was talking to the referee, slugged the innocent one from behind and tossed his motionless body clear over the top rope.

This incident triggered the birth of a new and thrilling era in European wrestling and a starling overnight success for young promoter Goldstein.

The European version of America's old "villain-in-a-mask" bromide came into being amid the crunching of bones and the happy tinkling of francs. A long line of hooded bullies followed, with an occasional herotype thrown in for flavor. The color of the mask was changed from black to white for the very speedy White Angel, a beautifully-built giant whose specialty it is to render villains helpless by cracking their spines over the tops of cold brass ring posts.

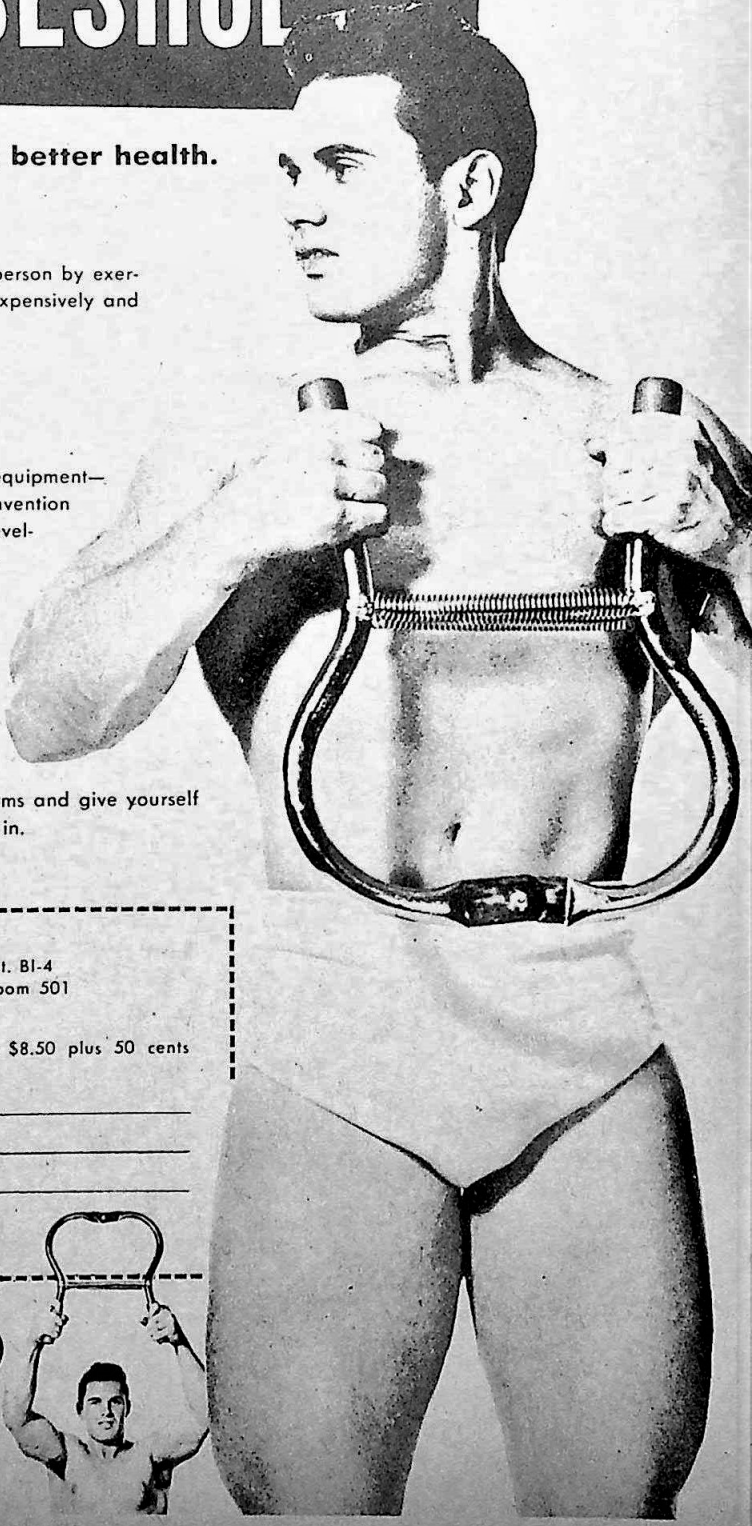
One thing led to another—not all of them good. Among them was "The Human Beast," a man with the "skin of a goat." The Beast was a revolting sight, but the fans got a thrill watching him being torn to ribbons by dashing heroes. In 1960 The Human Beast was replaced by another monstrosity billed as "Quasimodo," after the leading character in Victor Hugo's classic, The Hunchback of Notre Dame. (*continued on page* 74)

P-U-L-L

YOUR WAY TO NEW HEALTH

...with the revolutionary

HEALTH HORSESHOE



Here are some FACTS about achieving better health.

- You don't need expensive equipment or heavy weights.
- You need not join a health club or gymnasium.
- You *can* increase your muscular power and feel like a new person by exercising your body right in the privacy of your own home—inexpensively and FAST.

HOW TO DO IT

With this completely new conception in Physical Culture equipment—THE HEALTH HORSESHOE. Here is Power in a Capsule, an invention that, pound for pound, dollar for dollar, is the finest body developer ever devised. Use it according to instructions, faithfully, a few minutes EVERY day, and prove to yourself how much better you can feel.

The new HEALTH HORSESHOE is so compact you can carry it with you anywhere . . . in a briefcase to work so that you can exercise during lunchtime . . . So *rugged* it will last a lifetime . . . So *inexpensive* anyone can own it.

Exercise the neglected "pulling muscles" of your back and arms and give yourself a trim, vital upper body together with new HEALTH to glory in.

ORDER NOW ONLY $8.50

Better Health Institute, Dept. BI-4
31 Union Square, West—Room 501
New York 3, New York

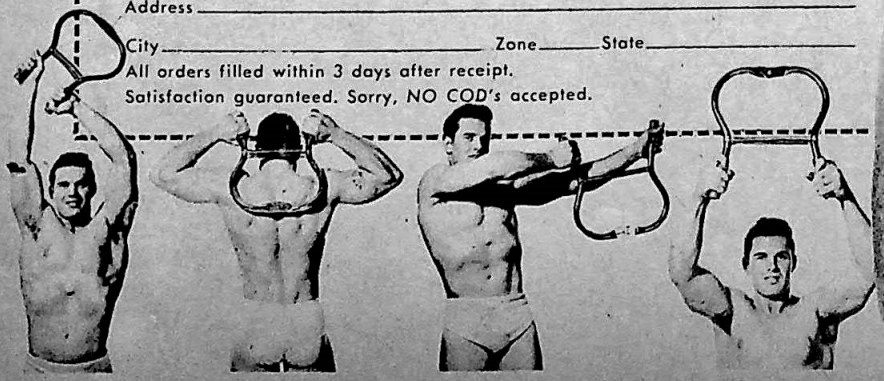
Please rush me your new HEALTH HORSESHOE. I enclose $8.50 plus 50 cents shipping charges. A total of $9.00.

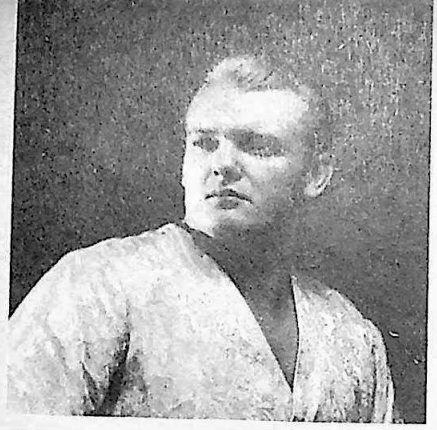
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

All orders filled within 3 days after receipt.
Satisfaction guaranteed. Sorry, NO COD's accepted.





VALENTINE

(*continued from page* 23)

is inhuman. He'll kick you in the head when you're down and he'll give you the knee in the belly when you're standing up. You take your life into your hands everytime you walk into the ring with him."

Mark Lewin isn't alone in his opinion of Johnny Valentine. Chief Big Heart, for instance, so detests Valentine that everytime he wrestles him he automatically switches from his normal, clean style, to one of outraged fury.

"I just breakup inside every time I see Valentine," Big Heart said with fire in his eyes. "I go for his throat. I want to kill him. I remember what he did to a lot of my friends."

Valentine got into wrestling quite by accident. After graduating from Renton, Washington, High School, where he starred in baseball, football and track, Johnny went into training to become a boxer. He won a few amateur bouts and was about to launch his professional career when the great old time wrestler, Wladek Zbyszko, noticed him in the gym.

"I liked the way he moved. The way he held his hands. The massiveness of his body," Zbyszko recalled.

The former champion of the world talked Johnny out of boxing and into wrestling.

Contrary to what every wrestling fan thinks, Valentine says: "probably the best break I ever got in my life was meeting Zbyszko, because if it hadn't been for him I'd never have become a wrestler."

Johnny went to live at the sprawling Zbyszko farm just outside St. Joseph, Missouri where he went through vigorous training and instructional sessions under the hawking eye of the old master. After a six month preperation period Zbyszko took Valentine to Buenos Aires in 1947 where he made his debut. From that time on the flamboyant career of Johnny Valentine has been one riot after another, with time between for trips to the bank. Today, Valentine is one of the highest paid wrestlers in the world and also, despite his savage methods, one of the best drawing cards in history.

Johnny is married, lives in Delaware (address top secret) with his wife and three children (1 boy, 2 girls).

An expert hunter, he has bagged at least 20 black bear, one grizzly, six moose, but he is still trying for his first mountain goat. "To get one of those things," Valentine said, "I'm convinced you have to be a mountain goat."

Johnny without doubt has the finest voice of any wrestler. A bass baritone, he has been studying voice for many years and admits: "If I had my way I'd chuck wrestling and go into opera."

"What's holding you back?" we asked.

He smiled and said: "Because in opera you can't break a man's arm, or pick out his eyes. And besides," he added with a chuckle, "in opera you can never have that much fun and be paid so damned well while enjoying yourself so much." ● *end*

The World's Top Spectator Sport

(*continued from page* 72)

Quasimodo (wrestling's version) is actually a miner out of the Pyrenees who had the urge for bigger and better things than a pick and shovel. With his sights aimed at the bizarre wrestling business, he had all but one of his front teeth extracted, donned a burlap bag and sought out Alex Goldstein, sackclothreeking and lone tooth protruding.

"I turned him down," recalled Goldstein, "he was too repulsive even for me."

But Quasimodo proved to be an immediate sensation and one of Europe's top sports attractions.

Goldstein is amazed at the amount of women who show up at his mat shows. "It's just like it is in the States," he said. "I try to give them the kind of thing they enjoy."

At first Goldstein believed women would enjoy seeing the big, handsome types most of all. But he soon discovered that women get a strange kind of delight in seeing the "Human Beast" types battered and bloodied.

European mat stars are well paid even by U.S. standards. Top attractions earn about $50,000 a year while the average run-of-the-mill wrestler makes from ten to twenty thousand a year, depending on his bookings.

Newest Goldstein sensation is one Bobby Duranton, a handsome young man with curly hair and a classic profile. He won a physique contest recently and drew rave notices in the press, especially from female reporters. But Bobby is just the reverse of the he-man type inside the ring. He does a remarkable takeoff on America's famed Ricki Starr. has mastered most of Starr's effeminate gestures and goes Ricki one better by dabbing his body with a specially-made perfume.

Duranton's yearly take is in excess of $60,000 and all Paris is waiting in frenzied anticipation for the night Duranton squares off with The Phantom. Says promoter Goldstein: "there will be hell to pay that night—and twenty thousand customers will be paying it!"

Make no mistake about it—the European style wrestler isn't all mask and perfume, blood and horror. He can really wrestle! The fans insist on that above all. A well muscled athlete—a weight-lifter for example—might try his hand, and feet, at wrestling, might even make a hit with the press and the women in his first bout. But let him show nothing *but* looks and muscle, and he'll never get another match. Even the gals know good wrestling when they see it. And they want to see it.

It's that way throughout the world. And, presumably, will stay that way. After all, wrestling is one of the oldest of all sports. It's here to stay, regardless of its form or style at any particular time. It will survive rackets, commissions and critics.

The people want it that way. ● *end*

The PERFECT GIFT

NO GROUND—NO AERIAL—COMPLETELY PORTABLE!

AN ALL-TRANSISTOR RADIO

with REFLEX CIRCUIT AND VOLUME CONTROL

Actual Size

Hi-Fi Earphone for Personal Listening

The Fabulous Hi-Fi Champion Futura

ALL - TRANSISTOR PERSONAL RADIO

Only $10.

Complete With Battery

Truly a magnificent instrument! The Fabulous Hi-Fi Champion Futura, All-Transistor Personal Radio is unbeatable in low-cost listening pleasure and modern styling. Completely portable . . . with remarkable reflex circuit. Think of it!

No ground or aerial needed. Carry it in your purse, your pocket, or in the palm of your hand. The volume control assures you comfortable, personal listening while on the go, at home, anywhere. In beautifully-styled, unbreakable plastic case. Extremely low power consumption, over 500 hours of battery life per battery (battery provided FREE with every radio). The perfect gift for men, women and children.

TINY . . . FITS EASILY
INTO PURSE OR POCKET

PRECISION BUILT . . .
"BIG RADIO" PERFORMANCE!

Champion Sales
Box 2324
Grand Central Station
New York 17, New York

Please rush me the Hi-Fi Champion Futura Radio, with battery. I enclose $10 as payment in full.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____ STATE _____

What do you want out of life...

HEALTH? STRENGTH? VITALITY?

Are these goals worth STRETCHING for? If so, this

COMPLETE HOME GYM

was tailor made just for you.

The whole family, mother, daughter, father and son will enjoy hours of fun and relaxation, but most important of all, find new, undreamed of strength and vitality by exercising with this COMPLETE HOME GYM. You can easily and quickly build the kind of body you've always wanted without spending a fortune at a Health Club or gymnasium. What the health clubs and elaborate body building mail order courses claim they can do for you, you can do for yourself right in your own home and for a price you can afford.

PERFECT FOR BEGINNERS—The COMPLETE HOME GYM is based on the theory of adjustable tension. This means that you adjust the amount of tension by either increasing or decreasing the number of springs on the exercisers. As you progress in your training your strength increases and therefore you require greater resistance. Thus even the youngest child can benefit from the HOME GYM.

Simply follow the instructions, a few hours each week, then marvel at the result as thousands of others have done before you.

HERE IS WHAT YOU GET:

1—BARBELL. This adjustable attachment enables you to perform lifting exercises which will duplicate the results of heavy, clumsy barbells.

2—WALL PULLEYS. With this ingenious part of the COMPLETE HOME GYM, you can perform any wall pully exercise . . . wonderful for conditioning the chest and back.

3—HAND GRIPS. To increase the power of the hand, wrist and arm.

4—CABLE CHEST PULL. A supplement to the wall pully, this device will build, with remarkable speed, the whole upper body.

5—ROWING MACHINE ATTACHMENT. Here is an outstanding feature of this set, one that will keep you feeling young and vigorous. In itself it is worth the price of the entire HOME GYM.

6—FOOT STIRRUPS. For an endless variety of arm and leg exercises.

7—HEAD STRAP. Your vital neck muscles spring alive through the use of this clever attachment.

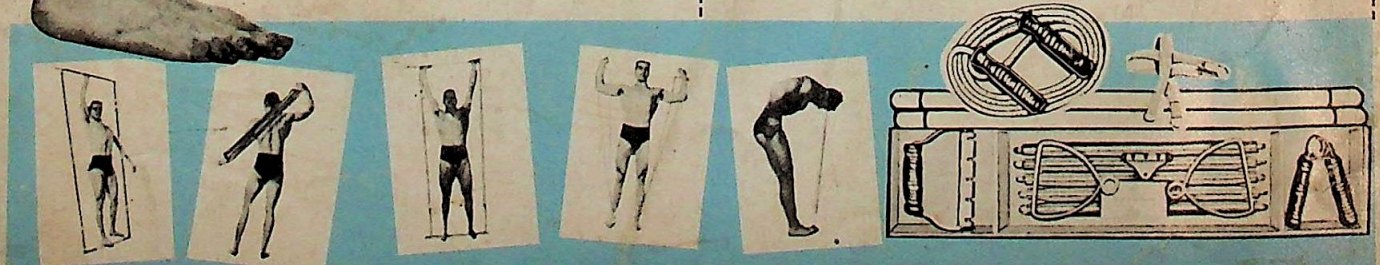
8—SKIP ROPE. An old standby of all athletes for building speed and coordination of the legs and wrists.

ORDER NOW ONLY $14 POSTPAID

Better Health Institute, Dept. BB-2
31 Union Square, West—Room 501
New York 3, New York

Please rush me your COMPLETE HOME GYM. I enclose $14 as payment in full.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____